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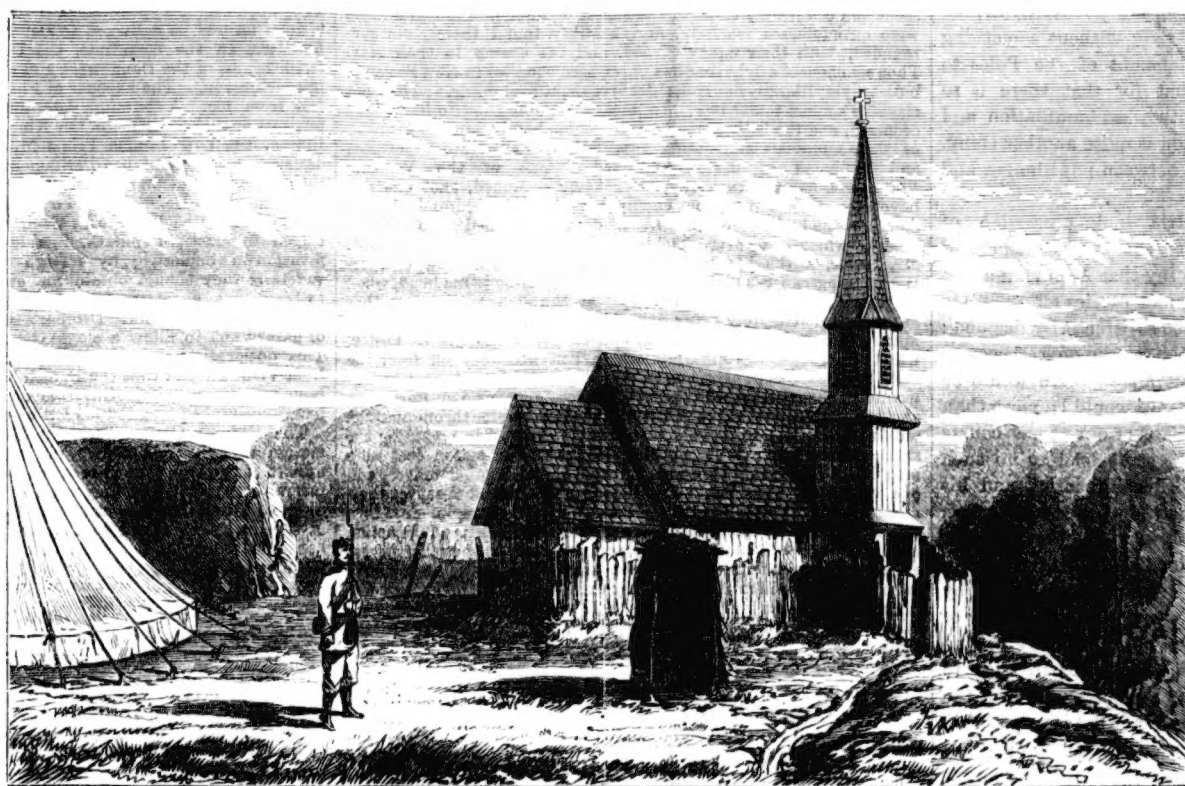
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## WAR PROSPECTS.

It is very probable that when we last treated of the Schleswig-Holstein difficulty as many of our readers cried "This is alarmist writing!" as assented to our fears. But by this time it will be conceded that those apprehensions were reasonable enough. The fury of public opinion in Germany has carried away all that was opposed to it; Governments and Kaiser have had to succumb against their own more moderate and more just judgment; and at this moment the soldiers of Prussia and Austria are marching to take possession of territory where they have no business except the business of injustice and terrorism. The Danish Government has made every concession to Germany that it can, even such concessions as almost excite rebellion amongst the people. It seems impossible that Den-



THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND—MAUKU CHURCH, CONVERTED INTO A MILITARY STOCKADE.

mark can do more to keep peace; but all will not do. The plain fact is, that the Germans are content with nothing less than that the Danish King should cease to rule in the duchies; an army is about to seize Schleswig, as well as Holstein, as a material guarantee for the fulfilment of this long-cherished desire. Now, the Austrians and Prussians have no more right in Schleswig than the French have in Ireland. We cannot doubt for a moment that an attempt to seize the duchy will be answered with all the vigour of patriotic resistance; and, the war once begun, we do not see how it is to cease without interference, which will spread the flame far beyond the banks of the Eider.

In speaking of this interference we need not imitate the diplomatic utterances of the *Times*, and speak polite mysteries. We are all but



ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN MAORIS AND COLONIAL TROOPS AT MAUKU.—DEATH OF LIEUTENANT FEARVAL.—(FROM SKETCHES BY G. LEWIS.)



bound to interfere. The Danish Government has acted all along under advice from our Ministers, even when the concessions counselled by England were opposed to the judgment and the feelings of rulers and people in Denmark. Moreover, Earl Russell has made declarations which amount to this: that England cannot see the Treaty of London torn up without actual interposition. And we think it far more than likely that Lord Wodehouse carried with him, on his mission to Denmark, a positive promise that if, in disregard of the concessions he advised, the Germans pushed the occupation of Holstein into Schleswig, our Channel Fleet would make a demonstration the other way. No doubt such an arrangement, if it exist, is a perilous one. It is true beyond question that the inhabitants of these islands are not very much concerned with the quarrels of Danes and Germans; that they even do not understand them, or care to understand them. Moreover, Englishmen nowadays have a more wholesome and more enlightened dread of war than any people in the world. But an industrious, free, brave nation bullied into subjection against all public law and decency, is not a tolerable spectacle; and unless we are content to abandon all attempts at maintaining treaty-obligations in future, and to rest the security of Europe, *acknowledgedly*, upon accident or caprice, just as affairs go in Africa, we cannot permit the seizure of Schleswig without something more than a protest. The abandonment of the Poles to Russian tyranny is bad enough; but for that there is so much to say that we submit to it, with what humiliation and pain soever. This German aggression is quite another thing. The difference is as great as that between punishment and prevention.

Of course, if Prussia and Austria took possession of Schleswig merely as a guarantee for the just settlement of the dispute, which is as much as to say that A, having a suit at law with B, walks into B's house and carries off the plate as a guarantee that his claims shall be satisfactorily decided; and if we were quite sure that as soon as the quarrel was so settled their troops would march out again, there would be less to say; though, even then, the Danes would be more than justified in repelling the invasion, whatever our proper course might be. But the whole current of events lead to no such conclusion. The performances of Prince Frederick and his party in Holstein, under the protection of Federal troops, give no indications that Germany brings a just temper into the dispute; and what has happened since in Prussia and Austria leaves very little doubt that if the Germans are allowed, by the fortunes of war, the apathy of Europe, and the despair of Denmark, to take possession of Schleswig, that duchy will no longer remain to the Danish Crown. Plaintiff will stick to the plate. For we cannot hope that Denmark will beat the united forces of Prussia and Austria, unless (what is very likely) Italy hounds her two hundred thousand fighting men upon the flanks of one of those Powers and Hungary tears at her heart.

Now, there are many signs abroad that these foes to Austria's tranquillity are scarcely disposed to await any special opportunity of attack. In Hungary the old revolutionary leaven had again begun to stir before there appeared much chance that Austria would be involved in war elsewhere; while in Italy people look impatiently at the vast army which burdens the State, and evidently long to put it to the only use it was created for—the "unification" of Italy, completed by the seizure of Venice and Rome. But suppose the opportunity presents itself in a war which may begin by employing not more than twenty or thirty thousand Austrian troops, but which will probably demand the whole strength of the Empire to finish it? In that case, we cannot imagine that either Hungary or Italy would remain idle long; and then we should see all Europe in flames—from north to south, from east to west.

Such is the probable result of a wild fit of intemperance in Germany. To be sure, there are yet some chances of averting the catastrophe, some hope of pacific interposition even while hostile armies are on the march. A distinct threat of armed interference by the united voices of France, Russia, and England is what is hinted at; and there appears little reason to doubt that the two last-named Powers, at any rate, are ready to go to such a length. But what the French Emperor may propose "is to the world a secret yet." His Majesty is huffed. He sulks portentously at the Cabinet which represents the answer of Europe to his congress scheme; and it may happen that he meditates that "something startling" which is necessary to dazzle the world anew. What we do know, however, is—that he is pledged to peace, that his people demand peace, and that this is an occasion when he must show what "L'Empire" really is.

#### THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

CONFLICTS with the native tribes seem to be an inevitable though sad concomitant of colonial settlement. We have experienced this in many instances, the latest being our difficulty with the New Zealanders. This dispute arose somewhat in this fashion. A certain native chief sold to the colonial Government a district of land, which, it afterwards turned out, he had no power to dispose of, as the land really belonged to other parties. On discovering that the title was bad, Sir George Grey, the Governor, relinquished the purchase, sacrificing, of course, the purchase-money which had been paid. This, however, did not settle the matter. The concession came too late. Bad blood had been engendered; some of the native chiefs took advantage of the dispute to forward certain ends of their own, while perhaps there may have been faults on the part of the local authorities and the settlers. All this has led to the present revolt of the Maori tribes and the war which is now going on in the colony. The regular troops under General Cameron are aided by volunteer corps formed of the young men of the colony, and very valuable auxiliaries these volunteers seem to prove themselves. The seat of the war is in the Auckland district, and until lately the principal "pah," or encampment, of the natives was at a place called Meromere. But this position they have lately abandoned, in consequence of the arrange-

ments made to drive them from it. The sketches from which our Engravings are taken were made, however, prior to the retreat of the Maoris; and the combat depicted took place between a party of volunteers belonging to the Mauku and Waikato regiments under Lieutenants Lusk and Perceval and a strong body of natives. Lieutenant Lusk was stationed at Mauku Church, which had been converted into a military stockade, when a rumour reached him on the 22nd of October that a native force would cross the River Waikato and attack the church; but not much attention was paid to the report, as similar stories had often been heard before, and had proved unfounded. On the following morning, however, a formidable body of natives were discovered in a strong position among some felled timber, and having their flanks protected by almost impenetrable woods. This position was about a mile from Mauku Church, in which there were only about thirty men of Lieutenant Lusk's corps. The natives commenced operations by firing volley after volley as a challenge to the little garrison to go out and fight them. This, however, was for the present declined by the volunteers, as some three miles away there was another stockade containing about fifty of their comrades, whom they felt sure would join them on hearing the firing. A portion of the party at the second stockade at once proceeded to reinforce their comrades at the church, and a messenger was dispatched to order up the rest; but by some mistake this division, under the command of Lieutenant Perceval, took a wrong road, and instead of finding themselves by the side of their comrades discovered that they had marched right into the midst of the enemy. However, they succeeded in making their escape, the party at the church moving forward and covering the retreat. An attack was then made by the combined forces on the Maoris, who were driven from their position among the felled timber in gallant style; but at this moment another body of natives, three hundred strong, appeared upon the scene and completely changed the aspect of affairs. The volunteers were outnumbered fearfully, and speedily found themselves surrounded, both their flanks turned, and the enemy in their rear. Then commenced a fight that has never been equalled in New Zealand: bullets flying literally like hail, rifles fired muzzle to muzzle, and bayonet clashing against tomahawk. In fact, a regular hand-to-hand fight occurred, and the little party of Europeans had to run the gauntlet of their numerous and daring foes. Many extraordinary escapes and instances of daring occurred. One of the Waikato Volunteers, named M'Gilvray, after being wounded, shot one and bayoneted another two of the enemy before he was himself killed. Another had the muzzle of a double-barrelled gun at his breast, which, however, luckily missed fire, and he escaped. Mr. Foster, of the Waikato Volunteers, had two narrow escapes. His foraging-cap was blown off by a shot fired close to his head, when he gave his assailant his "quietus;" at the same moment another Maori was deliberately firing at Mr. Foster, when Millsop, of the Mauku Rangers, shot him down, and so saved the life of Foster, who then brought the left wing, which had been cut off from the main body, safely out of action. A private named Johnstone, who was wounded, shot three of the enemy after receiving his own hurt; and another, who did good execution, coolly smoked his pipe throughout the whole affair. The volunteers ultimately succeeded in regaining the shelter of the stockade at the church, but in the action lost nine men killed (including Lieutenant Perceval and another officer) and one wounded. The Maoris lost between thirty and forty of their number. Lieutenant Perceval fell early in the struggle, close to a pile of brushwood, as shown in our second Engraving. This action has been much talked of in the colony, and, whilst the officers were somewhat blamed for rashness in venturing to attack so large a body in so strong a position, the gallantry exhibited by all concerned was highly commended. The sketches from which our Engravings are taken have been supplied by Mr. Lewis, who was present in the fight.

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

The chances of war between Denmark and Germany and the debates in the Chambers divide attention in Paris. The expectation that England will take part with the Danes and engage in war with the two great German Powers gives great satisfaction to French political gossip, who affect to see advantages to France in such an event, whatever turn affairs may ultimately take.

The principal topics of debate in the Chambers have been the law on the press, the system of government in Algeria, and the expedition to Mexico. On the first topic M. Granier de Cassagnac made a most extraordinary statement. "Cowardly Governments," he said, "have alone been able to believe in the liberty of the press, and this liberty has overthrown them." The Government of England may be a cowardly one in M. de Cassagnac's opinion; but it certainly has not been overthrown—yet—by the large measure of liberty it has accorded to the press. The converse of M. de Cassagnac's assertion is much nearer the truth. Cowardly Governments alone have suppressed liberty of the press, and have often been overthrown in consequence. The principal speech made on the Mexican question was that by M. Thiers. He strongly denounced the expedition. He ridiculed the idea, and pointed out the dangers that would attend the proposed monarchy; and concluded by calling on the Government to give up the impolitic scheme, and withdraw the troops as soon as possible.

##### BELGIUM.

Belgium is still without a Ministry. The King, it is said, has addressed himself to the Prince de Ligne to constitute what is called a business Cabinet; that is to say, one without political character. Combinations of this kind are usually ephemeral, and it is generally supposed that a new election can alone establish a Ministry.

##### AUSTRIA.

The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath seems disposed to follow the example set in Berlin. A portion of its Financial Committee has proposed that the credit of ten millions of florins asked by the Government should not be granted, and that only the contribution due to the Diet for the execution in Holstein should be voted. A resolution strongly condemnatory of the action of the Government on the Dano-German question has been passed by a majority of one.

##### PRUSSIA.

The Prussian House of Deputies has rejected the loan by 275 to 51. It has adopted the resolution of Herr Schultz-Daelitsh, condemning in the strongest terms the Austro-Prussian policy and declaring that the House will resist that policy by all means in its power. The language of Herr von Bismarck holds out to the House no hope that its wishes will be attended to. He told it that it desired to hold the position of a kind of diplomatic Aulic Council, and that it did not understand the Prussian people. Replying to Count Schwerin, who said the Ministry were afraid of democracy and of the foreign Powers, Herr von Bismarck declared that the Government hoped to conquer democracy, and that it was only a rule of common prudence to look abroad with apprehension. In consequence of the vote of the Chamber, the King has prorogued the Parliament. The Session was closed on the 25th by the President of the Council, who read the Speech from the Throne. The following are the most important passages:—

The Chamber of Deputies has maintained the ground which led to the dissolution of the previous Chamber. The House has rejected the bill referring to article 99 of the Constitution, and has not discussed the Budget of 1863. In the Budget of the current year it has struck out items which are indispensable for the public service. The House has also renewed the resolution of the previous Chamber upon the Military Budget without having discussed the preliminary bill establishing the obligation to military service. For that reason the Upper House, in the exercise of its Constitutional rights, has rejected the Budget of 1864 as amended by the Chamber of Deputies.

The Government has carried out the vote of the Chamber with regard to the Polish members arrested for high treason, but does not consider it conformable to the respect due to public justice and to the dignity of the House. The House has also refused the required loan proposed by the Government to afford the means of carrying out federal execution in Holstein, as well as

for the maintenance of Prussia's position as a great Power and her honour in the further development of the conflict, and likewise for covering the portion of the expenses of the execution falling to Prussia as member of the German Confederation. The House has rejected this vote, although the King had pledged his word, in his reply of the 27th of December, that the money should only be employed for the protection of the right and honour of the country.

The House has passed resolutions by which the majority, in the event of warlike complications, takes part beforehand against the Prussian Fatherland.

Renouncing therefore, for the present, the hope of bringing about an understanding with the Chamber, the Government considers it its duty to act for the maintenance of the state, and relies herein upon the growing support of the country.

#### THE POLISH INSURRECTION.

Telegrams from Cracow, Lemberg, Breslau, and other places, describe a considerable revival of the insurgent movement in Poland. Two or three serious engagements with the Russians are described. General Berg has published an order of the day, according to which Poland is in future to be governed by martial law.

#### GERMANY AND DENMARK.

THE dispute between Germany and Denmark has exhibited several phases of interest during the past week. We had first the announcement that Denmark had agreed to withdraw the common Constitution for the Monarchy, as far as Schleswig was concerned—in other words, had agreed to all that Austria and Prussia demanded; but requested to be allowed time to consult the Rigsraad, in order that the step might be taken with all legal and constitutional forms. To this request, however, it seems the German Powers have returned a positive denial, and our latest advices from Kiel state that orders had reached that place on the 27th for the vanguard of the Austro-Prussian army corps to advance towards Schleswig, and that an ultimatum will be delivered to Denmark when the troops reach the frontier. In the meantime, the Danes are working hard at the fortifications of the Dannewerk and are erecting new batteries in the intrenchments. The harbour of Flensburg and other ports are now free from ice. A thorough determination to defend the Schleswig territory is said to animate the King, his Ministers, and his army. Indeed, the new Danish Prime Minister has made an important declaration in one of the Parliamentary Chambers. He said that the conventions of 1851 and 1852 contain the rights as well as the engagements of Denmark, and one of the rights of Denmark is the point that no such State as Schleswig-Holstein is to be acknowledged to exist. Denmark, therefore, was bound to prevent an invasion of Schleswig by foreign troops, and to expel the invaders if they should obtain an entrance. It would be in vain to trace out a programme of the probable fortunes of a war, but he declared that Denmark was determined at any cost or hazard not to allow a single German soldier to cross the Eider. This declaration was received with loud applause. A telegram from Vienna states that the Danish Minister, Baron von Bulow, has been withdrawn by his Government from the Austrian Court, and has accordingly presented his letters of recall to Count Rechberg.

The Federal Commissioners in Holstein have issued a proclamation regarding the entry of Prussian troops, in which they declare that they cannot recognise those troops as any part of the federal army, but that they must submit to facts which are inevitable, and they therefore call upon the authorities and inhabitants of the duchy to afford to the Austrian and Prussian troops the assistance which is requested of them, and to receive them in a friendly spirit.

#### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THE news from America is not of striking interest. Military operations were confined to cavalry raids and the capture of isolated detachments. In this species of warfare the Confederates seem to have the decided advantage. A Confederate cavalry force had made a descent upon one of the camps of the army of the Potomac on the night of the 10th, and captured 17 men and 35 horses. The following day the Confederates attacked a Federal mule-train, and captured five men. General Lee, under date of the 8th, announces the capture, in Hardy County, Virginia, of 300 Federals, 125 mules, and 123 cattle. General Stuart, with 5000 Confederate cavalry, was reported to have passed round General Meade, and to have reached Leesburg, Virginia, from which place the Federals retreated to Fairfax. The object of this movement was believed to be to sever either the Alexandria and Orange or the Baltimore and Ohio Railways. The Federal authorities were said to be fully prepared to prevent material damage to either. General Lee was being reinforced by conscripts, and was organising his cavalry for the spring campaign.

Chattanooga despatches report that General Longstreet's forces in East Tennessee now number 34,000 infantry and 12,000 cavalry; and that his army and that under General Joseph Johnston was being reinforced daily. Letters from Chattanooga of the 30th of December state that General Grant had decided to remove his headquarters immediately to Nashville.

It is announced from New Orleans, under date of the 3rd inst., that the Confederates west of the Mississippi are concentrating, with the intent to drive the Federals out of Texas. The estimated Confederate force in that region is 20,000.

The bombardment of Charleston continued. Two blocks of buildings and several large warehouses are reported to have been destroyed on the 20th by Gilmore's shells. The city was almost deserted by the military.

An extra brigade of troops, under General Terry, had been sent to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie, to guard the Confederate prisoners there, who, it had been feared, might take advantage of the ice to make their escape.

Telegrams from Fortress Monroe of the 13th reported the Federal gun-boat Iron Age aground, and under the fire of Confederate batteries, at the entrance of Wilmington Harbour, on the 11th. Her destruction on that day, by being blown up, is subsequently announced by Confederate despatches to General Cooper. Twenty-four of her crew were captured.

The Governor of New Jersey, in his message to the Legislature, recommends a conciliatory policy to the South, and declares that emancipation, peace, and the reconstitution of the old Union should be the sole objects of the war.

Extensive frauds in the Custom House of New York, the Treasury Department of Washington, the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, and the public offices, continued to be discovered. Mr. Fernando Wood had proposed to appoint a Congressional Committee to investigate the administration of affairs in all the departments, as well as the charges against General Butler at New Orleans. The proposition was rejected by a vote of 76 to 63. In order that the rejection should not appear in too scandalous a light, Mr. Fenton brought forward a resolution to inquire into frauds in the Custom House, which was adopted.

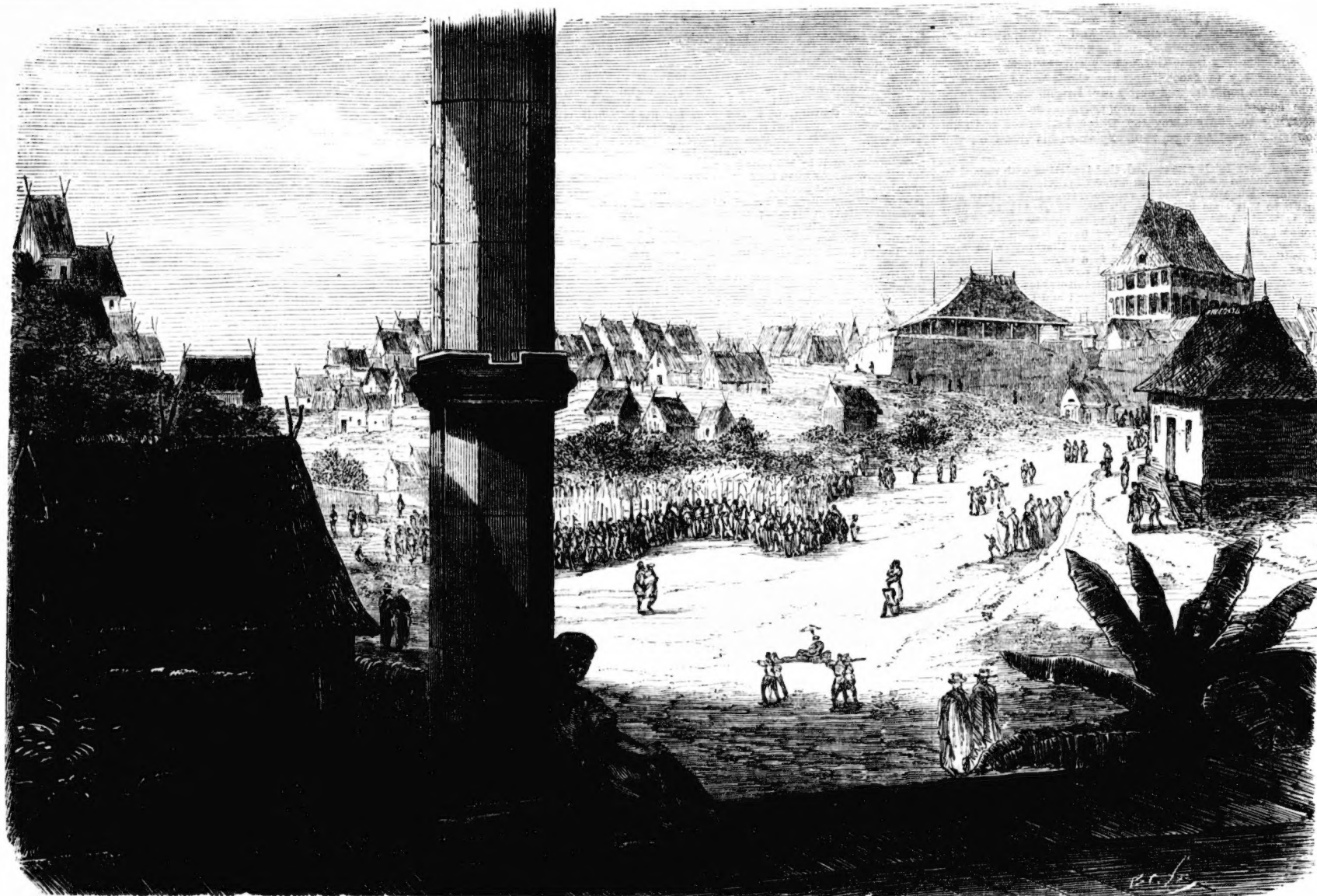
THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT ON THE HOLSTEIN QUESTION.—We have reason to believe that, at the Cabinet Council held on Monday, her Majesty's Government arrived at a very grave decision respecting the Dano-German conflict; that that decision has been submitted by Earl Russell to her Majesty; and that despatches have been sent off to the Ambassadors at the Courts of Prussia and Austria notifying the hostile attitude that the Government of Great Britain would be compelled to assume in the event of the Prussian and Austrian troops invading Schleswig. The French Government, it is said, is upon this point in union with the British Ministry; and it is hoped that, with the prospect of this opposition, the great German Powers will not persist in provoking a war.—*Standard*.—It is understood that, in order to give effect to its remonstrances against the wanton and unjust invasion of Denmark, and for the purpose of fulfilling its engagements in the event of the failure of its utmost exertions to preserve peace, the British Government has found it desirable to place upon a war footing a military force of between 20,000 and 30,000 men, so as to be ready to give effect to its policy by land as well as by sea. The Channel Squadron, recalled some days since to these waters, is understood to be now due at Spithead.—*Express*.

SMALLPOX is so prevalent at Washington that it is said to be in contemplation to remove the sittings of the Federal Congress to New York. Fifteen thousand deaths are reported as having occurred in the Federal capital from this disease within a short period.



Stretching along to the north and south of the two Royal  
palaces, and forming with them a line along the crest of the hill.





ANDOHALO-SQUARE, AT TANANARIVE, MADAGASCAR.

are the dwellings of the chief officers of the Government, built after the same form as that of the Sovereign, and conspicuous above all the other buildings of the capital. Below these are the houses of the other inhabitants, constructed almost entirely of wood, with lofty, narrow roofs, thatched with rushes or grass, and ornamented at the ends with the long rafters projecting above the gables.

The houses along the sides of the hill are built on artificially-levelled terraces, from 20 ft. to 40 ft. wide. The sides of the upper

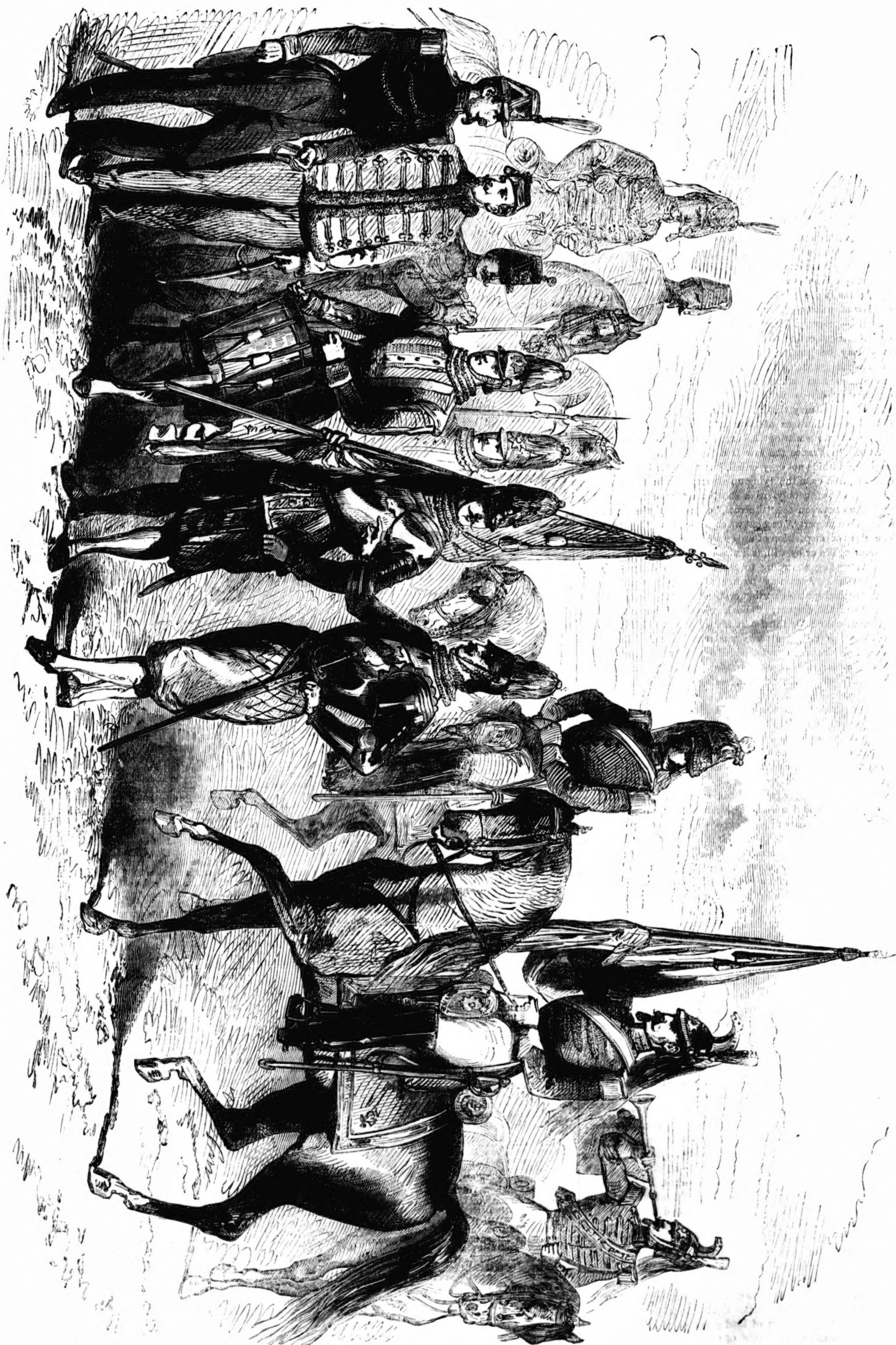
part of the hill, especially the northern part, are covered with houses; but the nature of the ground has prevented any order or regularity in their arrangement. In many cases they are each surrounded with a low mud or stone wall, inclosing a sort of courtyard to the houses. The lower part of the hill is composed of naked, broken granite rocks, mingled with clay, and appears in striking contrast with the green grass or rice-fields and water-courses of the valleys below. The uniform shape of the houses, the plain, uncoloured wood of their walls, and the dark-brown

thatch, give a somewhat sombre aspect to the whole place, unlike that produced by the coloured walls (pink or yellow) of the houses in the more open country. A few trees are to be seen here and there in the higher part of the city. On crossing a small stream at the bottom of the hill the traveller reaches a large pile of granite, which he learns is the place of public execution; and, after reaching the first houses, he ascends by a winding and uneven road, often formed upon the naked rock, until he gains the crest of the hill and reaches the Royal palace represented in our Engraving.



HEIGHTS OF TANANARIVE: THE ROYAL PALACE.





CAPTAIN AND SOLDIER OF THE 2ND REGIMENT OF LIGHT HORSE.  
CAPTAIN OF THE PALATINE CLARD.

DRUMMER, STANDART-BEARER, AND OFFICER OF THE SWISS GUARD (THE POPE'S PRIVATE GUARD).

OFFICER, STANDART-BEARER, AND TRUMPETER OF THE NOBLE GUARD (THE POPE'S PRIVATE GUARD).

PRINCIPAL UNIFORMS OF THE PONTIFICAL ARMY.—(FROM A SKETCH BY THE VISCOUNTSSE DE FANTO)



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## ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1864.

## THE LAW OF SUCCESSION TO LAND.

It is a somewhat curious coincidence that within the space of a few days two Reformers, in England and in France, should respectively have exercised each his learning, eloquence, and ingenuity upon the same subject, in reference to its treatment by the law in the two countries. In England, as we all know, the law of primogeniture prevails with respect to real—i.e., freehold—property. Moreover, estates are frequently entailed or transmitted entire through generations of eldest sons, or they may be preserved for a life or lives in being and twenty-one years afterwards, by means of settlement or will. And although the owner of a non-entailed estate may divide it, by his will, among as many devisees as he may think fit, still it is found, practically, that the inclinations of a testator are usually rather in favour of transmitting his freehold all to a single inheritor. In France the law is different. The civil code of Napoleon forbids not only entail, but the privilege of primogeniture, and even the tying up of property in the hands of trustees, allowing only, as a substitute for the last-named, a separation between the "usufruct," or profit of the land, and the "naked property," or what we should call the "legal estate." The right of disposition of an estate by free gift, whether by acts during life or by will, is limited to a certain proportionate part, decreasing according to the number of descendants of the testator. According to Art. 913 of the above-named code, "such disposable portion shall not exceed the half of the property of the disposer, if he leave at his decease but one legitimate child; the third part if he leave two children; the fourth part if he leave three or more of them." Under the name of children are comprehended descendants in any degree. There is a limitation of such acts or testamentary bequests to one moiety where the testator, having no descendants, leaves one or more relatives.

It will thus be seen that the French law stands almost in direct opposition to the English in its practical prohibition of the lineal transmission of entire estates. But M. le Baron de Veauce, speaking in the name of French law reformers, finds the result of the French law by no means so beneficial as might have been anticipated by those of our own politicians who clamour most loudly against entail and primogeniture. His arguments are based upon allegations that the dispersion of estates occasions waste in legal expenses of partition and sale, and that it cripples enterprise and manufacture by the subdivision of capital. He mentions the English law, on the other hand, to protest against our system of heirship; holding it to be an unwarrantable assumption that a deceased, had he made a will, would have left all to his eldest son. Now, there can be but little doubt, that in this respect the law was at first established not upon mere presumption, but upon actual experience of the most usual and ordinary manner of devise.

On our side, Mr. Bright has made a remarkable speech upon the subject of the law as it prevails with us. He attributes the miseries of our agricultural labourers to the accumulation of large properties in the hands of a few landlords, just as M. De Veauce traces similar effects in France to precisely the opposite cause. But M. De Veauce has the advantage of being, at least, thoroughly acquainted with his subject, and of being above being led into mis-statement, suppression, or exaggeration. Mr. Bright's admirers can scarcely claim this merit for him, in the face of his assertion that, under our entail system, land is sometimes tied up for eighty or a hundred years, and no person has the power to sell it, however advantageous the sale might be to the proprietors and to the public. Now, not only does the well-known Thellusson Act prevent "tying up" by will beyond a life or lives in being and twenty-one years afterwards—a limitation which would only rarely extend to a century—but, by a process familiar to lawyers, entails may, with certain formalities, be "docked," or defeated. It should be stated that both Mr. Bright and M. De Veauce applaud the legal system of the United States, where no distinction is made between real and personal property with respect to distribution under intestacies. As the English law does not restrain the act of a testator, except to prevent "tying up," as before mentioned, Mr. Bright's complaint can only refer to our system of heirship by descent. Hereto he objects upon the ground that the possession of land gives political power, and adduces America as an instance of the superior condition of a people among whom real property is subject to distribution. He mentions that in America land may be acquired at a nominal rate after a short service in the army or navy, and then, reckoning the cost of a transit from Birmingham to

America, estimates how rapidly a farm labourer might there acquire his farm and freehold, leaving out of the account the chance of conscription and the necessity for service in a civil war which is decimating the people, and locking up survivors by thousands in the military prisons or driving them upon the world as shattered cripples. Certainly, if the present state of America be the bright prospect to be expected from a distribution of land as a means of political power, we can scarcely consider Mr. Bright to have been happy in his illustration.

Mr. Bright urges that, by our law of primogeniture, we "send as beggars into the world half a dozen children in order that we may make one rich by possession of the land." The truth is that every landowner who chooses, in the exercise of ordinary prudence and parental affection, to make his will, may dispose of his real property according to his inclinations. M. De Veauce, on the other hand, complains that this is not the case in France, where he can only so dispose of a portion of his estate, no matter how unfilial or worthless may be one or more of his descendants. In England, however, it is well known that the Church, the professions, and the three branches of her Majesty's service are largely recruited by younger sons with, in general, the advantages of high breeding, aristocratic connections, and first-rate education. Take the case of Spain, to which neither Mr. Bright nor M. De Veauce has adverted. There, the eldest son inherits all, upon the condition of affording equivalent support to the cadets of the family. The result is that a large proportion of the younger branches are rendered indolent, useless dependants upon the heir. Perhaps few causes have combined to produce, more than this, the present degraded condition of that country. But, taking a stand upon the broad fact, where do we meet, in England, with these beggarly scions of proprietary families in whose inevitable existence Mr. Bright would have us believe?

*Nolimus leges Angliæ mutare.* If Mr. Bright really regards the law of primogeniture as the stumbling-block in the way of Hodge and Giles, tripping them into the mire of a subsistence on 9s. per week, we cannot but think that both his arguments and his illustrations must be considerably strengthened before he can hope that the Legislature will subvert a law which only comes into effect upon estates when the deceased proprietors have neglected such ordinary precautions as are taken by at least three out of four of the wealthy members of the community. And that such is the fact is patent to every one whom occasion has led to search the registers of the Court of Probate, and compare the lists of proved wills with those of administrations.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

SIR JOHN LAURENCE, it is said, is to be raised to the Peerage.

A PORTION OF THE SITE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION is to be converted into a museum.

THE REV. E. H. HARROLD BROWNE, B.D., Canon of Wilts, and Morriston Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, has been appointed Bishop of Ely; and is succeeded by the Rev. F. C. Cook, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, in the canonry of Exeter Cathedral.

A STATUE OF SIR GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS is, by permission of the magistrates, to be erected in front of the Shire-hall, Hereford.

DR. LIVINGSTONE, the African traveller, according to a rumour which had reached Cape Town, has been murdered by the natives, near Lake Nyassa.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS have resolved to increase the salary of their chairman, Mr. Thwaites, from £1500 to £2000 a year.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE LATE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN has been sworn under £40,000.

THERE ARE 80,000 BARRELS OF GUNPOWDER stowed away in the Marchwood magazines, about a mile from Southampton.

THE WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY has introduced reserved third-class carriages for females.

THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS, at rather the Assembly of the old State, has elected Mr. Grimes, a negro, as its chaplain.

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON, the anti-slavery lecturer, and formerly M.P. for the Tower Hamlets, sailed on Saturday last for the United States, where he intends to devote himself to the promotion of negro emancipation.

THE KING OF PORTUGAL has sent to the Duke de Morny the insignia of the Grand Cross of the Order of the Tower and Sword.

BISHOP COLENSO has been deposed for heresy by the Court assembled at the Cape of Good Hope under the presidency of the Bishop of the colony.

A FIRM has been established at Christchurch, in New Zealand, for manufacturing paper out of New Zealand flax—the *Phormium tenax*.

A BRONZE STATUE OF ROSSINI, by Baron Marochetti, has been presented to the town of Pesaro, in Italy, the composer's birthplace, by the Marquis de la Salamanca and M. de la Hante, directors of the Roman railways.

IN THE PARISH OF ALKHAM there has not, during the past year, been either a death or a marriage.

THE STAMP-OFFICE AT HUDDERSFIELD has been broken into, and about £200 worth of different kinds of stamps, together with £100 in notes and gold, stolen.

THE MAHARAJAH OF CASHMERE is taking steps to check the further deterioration in the quality of shawls manufactured in his dominions.

THE GREAT EASTERN STEAM-SHIP is to be sold on the 17th of February, "peremptorily and without any reserve, unless previously disposed of by private treaty."

A HAIRDRESSER of Camden-town gleefully advertises the singular fact that he was married on the same day as the Prince of Wales, and that his wife was confined, also, on the same day as the Princess of Wales, of a son.

LORD BROKE, aged eleven, son of the Earl of Warwick, was on the beach near Worthing, when he noticed a child being washed away by the ebb-tide, and at considerable risk rushed into the sea and rescued it.

PRISCILLA MAY, a young girl of nineteen, died last week in consequence of being terribly frightened by another female who personated a ghost for a frolic.

MR. RUMBLE, Naval Inspector of Machinery at Sheerness, has been committed for trial on a charge of violating the Foreign Enlistment Act in connection with the Rappahannock, formerly H.M.S. Victor.

THE REV. ROWLAND HENNIKER, Incumbent of Caudon and Waterfall, whose vagaries will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, has been suspended by the Bishop of Lichfield for two years.

A GREAT NUMBER OF LARGE SALMON are now spawning in all parts of the river Avon, in Hampshire, even high up the river towards Salisbury, which is very unusual.

A SAXON LEADEN COFFIN has been found at Bishopstoke, Hants. It contained the skeleton of a young woman; together with a glass bottle and two drinking-cups were found.

A PROPOSAL FOR A FARTHING POSTAGE SCHEME has been broached in the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber also proposes to extend the penny-postage system to parcels.

A LARGE BODY OF COOLIES, (nearly a hundred), engaged on the Hindostan and Thibet road, near Cheene, were buried in the snow during a storm, about the 6th ult.

A DEPUTATION from the Presbyterian Church of Ulster waited last week upon the Lord Lieutenant, seeking an increase of the Regium Donum. The sum wanted is £10,000, so that the amount to each minister should be increased from £75 to £100.

A PAUPER died at Heavitree, Devonshire, the other day, in whose possession there was at the time of his death about £150. His family knew of his hoard, and expected it to amount to £500.

A MOVEMENT has been set on foot in Pontefract for the presentation of a testimonial to Lord Houghton, who, under the better-known name of Richard Monckton Milnes, represented the borough for more than twenty-five years.

THE OLD COPPER MONEY OF SARDINIA is to be withdrawn from circulation in the kingdom of Italy, at the end of February, and is to be replaced by a bronze coinage of one, two, five, and ten centimes.

THE RENOVATION AND REPAIR OF LINCOLN CATHEDRAL is being steadily proceeded with. Nearly the whole of the south side has now been restored, and the noble west front, with the niches containing eleven figures of early English Kings over the entrance, will be thoroughly reinstated.

THE HON. R. J. JEEBERRY, of Bombay, has offered 150,000 rupees to enable five native youths, to be selected from the three Presidencies, to proceed to England to qualify themselves to practise as barristers in India, on a footing of equality, as regards legal training, with European members of the Bar.

AT CONSTANTINOPLE, recently, died Baroutchie Pacha. The "Catholic" party claimed that he had died a member of their communion. Another sect claimed the body. An appeal was made to Fead Pacha by the Catholics. He replied as follows:—"Since you are thus sure of his soul, you can, I think, afford to leave the others his body."

THE CITY OF BUENOS AYRES is so rapidly improving that few who have been absent for any number of years would know the streets. Altogether, the city has suddenly assumed a European aspect; omnibuses, cabs, and railway cars have completely changed the appearance of the place; labourers are, however, very scarce; brickmakers cannot burn bricks fast enough, and builders complain that they are obliged to refuse contracts from sheer want of workmen.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

SIR WILLIAM ATHERTON is dead. The intelligence of his death reached town a few days ago; but Sir William had retired from office, and his demise caused no sensation at the clubs. Moreover, his death was expected. When he left the house last Session prematurely, because of the bad state of his health, he spoke hopefully enough. "He was only knocked up by hard toil. He would leave town, take rest, and no doubt he would soon be well again." But this hopefulness was confined to himself. No one who looked upon his pallid face and shrunken form, and knew what disease it was that had pulled him down, could believe that he would ever enter the house again. Indeed, we all felt that he hoped against hope—that the sentence was gone forth that we should never see him more. Sir William was the son of the Rev. William Atherton, a Wesleyan minister of considerable repute, and was born in 1806. He was first returned for Durham in 1852. Sir William has always been looked upon as one of the most fortunate men at the Bar; and he was certainly wonderfully fortunate, for he was not a great lawyer nor an able speaker. His talents and acquirements were not by any means remarkable; and he had no high political connections to help him on, and yet he rose to the lofty position of Attorney-General. Probably there never was a man at the Bar whom circumstances so constantly favoured as they did Sir William. It is generally thought, though, that he made a mistake at last in taking the attorney-generalship; he had tempted Fortune too far. The place was obviously too much for him. Had he taken the judgeship which was offered him in 1861, and allowed Sir Roundell Palmer to become Attorney-General, he might have lived many years. Mr. Samuel Warren, also a son of a Wesleyan minister—a friend, by-the-way, of Sir William's father—acted more wisely: when a comfortable, easy post for life, with a respectable salary, was offered him, he gave up—with reluctance, no doubt—all his aspirations and ambition and took it.

Another political notable is also dead—to wit, Mr. Alderman Livey, of Rochdale, a man far better known at the House of Commons than half the members. Indeed, we should not be far wrong if we were to say that the worthy Alderman spent more time in and about the house than many of the county members. I might go further, and say that the worthy Alderman knew more about Parliamentary business, especially the Committee part of it, than half the M.P.s. How he, living such a distance from London, came to be so constantly in the house I never could learn. He had much to do with railways, and was frequently called to give evidence before Committees; but I suspect that the real reason why he was so frequently at the house was, he liked to be there, chatting with the officials, gossiping with the members, showing his country friends the wonders of the building, or dining with them below. But, however this may have been, he was often there, and was a great favourite. And no wonder; for a more genial, excellent fellow than Alderman Livey never lived. He had, too, a good deal of mother wit, as many of the Parliamentary barristers found to their cost. In person, the good Alderman was a picture. He was the very idea of an Alderman realised. I suspect he weighed over twenty stone, whilst his face, as the storytellers in "The Arabian Nights" would say, was like the full moon in its strength. And, then, what a rich Rochdale brogue he had! To me it was a treat to listen to his shrewd sense, and wit, and humour, clothed in such broad, racy language. Of course, I only knew Mr. Livey from occasionally gossiping with him. I may say, though, that all those who knew him better than I did gave him a very high character for qualities far better than those which came under my observation. He had in his time, down at Rochdale and elsewhere, done not a little hard work for the benefit of his fellows, and has left marks behind him in the shape of local improvements which will remain unobliterated long after his name shall have passed away. Nor must I fail to record that, according to universal testimony, he was one of the most honest, kind-hearted, disinterested men that ever lived.

The difficulties in the way of getting a criminal hanged are every day increasing. Scarcely a month passes but the Home Secretary gets into a logical fix. He is in one now. He has proved satisfactorily enough that it was not he that spared Townley, but an absurd law, by which two magistrates and two doctors were enabled to step into the culprit's cell, knock off his fetters, and take him clean away. "This man is mad; and by the law," said these magistrates and doctors, "you can't hang him whilst he is mad." "True," says Logic, "but soon he will be sane, and then he must be hanged." But here steps in something which has often defeated logic, and will often defeat it again—to wit, feeling. "No, no!" says feeling—or call it humanity—"you have given the wretch hopes of his life, and you must not hang him now." "Then Wright was murdered," growls Logic. This, however, is not quite apparent, as it seems to me; and I think that here Logic, or those who have assumed her garb, is wrong. But let that pass. What is to be done to relieve our Home Secretary of his increasingly heavy and awful responsibilities—responsibilities so grave that, unless you can find a man with a heart shrunken up to a mere piece of dried leather, you will soon be unable to get a Home Secretary at all. I would not have to perform this duty of settling who is to be hanged and who spared for all the gold of California and the mines of Golconda to boot. Well, it is rumoured that this question is to be dealt with next Session; but how, rumour refuses to disclose. I can hardly suspect, though, that the institution—the Christian institution, as it has been called—of the gallows will be abolished yet. We shall, however, come to that in the end, and the end is not far off. Perhaps we may try secret execution first; but I do not think we shall. Of one thing, however, be sure. The practice of choking the life out of a fellow-creature, in the presence of thousands of men, women, and children, is doomed.

It is said that it was not for nothing that Mr. Hennessey had interviews with the French Emperor and dined with Prince Napoleon. We, in our innocence, thought that he went to advocate the cause of the Poles and the Pope. It is, however, now confidently affirmed that it was his own cause that he went to advocate, and that he was very successful. He has obtained, it is said, a concession of some railway, in *esse* or in *posse*, which will fill out his pocket, and enable him to cock up his beaver, and take a position very high indeed. This is what rumour whispers; but if you ask me whether I believe it, I answer, provisionally, No! I do not exactly see why the French Emperor should reward a man who has so loudly denounced him; and, further, his Majesty is surrounded by men who would hardly be likely to allow an English adventurer to snatch anything really good from their hugely insatiable maws.

The National Shakespeare Committee, though in *extrema*, is, as its literary secretary, Mr. Cordy Jefferies, would put it, "not dead yet." The "council" which brought it to disgrace is still "in possession," and declines to succumb to censure, indignation, or



ridicule. Advertisements have been put forth by the secretaries during the past week calling upon artists to furnish designs, though for what, is as a matter of course not stated. The proposed meeting in the City, with the Lord Mayor in the chair, appears to be shelved for a time. Rumours are nevertheless afloat of a formidable opposition which is being got up to crush any appeal which this unfortunate committee may be unwise enough to make to the public.

The Stratford-on-Avon organisation for the Shakespeare tercentenary is making satisfactory progress. The committee propose appealing forthwith to London for subscriptions, and reports that the Poet Laureate has joined the Committee of Taste to decide upon the character of the Stratford monument which was appointed a week or so since.

Any one with £500—that is, £500 to spare—£500 to spend upon a fancy, a caprice, or what some folks call “a fad”—may at this moment invest it in the purchase of what is described in the advertisements as a “unique memento of the great William Shakespeare, who died on his fifty-second birthday, April 23, 1616.” The unique memento in question is “a Deed of Bargain and Sale by Henry Walker, citizen and minstrel.” (I know what a citizen is, but what is a minstrel?)—“of a House to William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman.” (You will remark this description of our poet. Walker is a queer combination, citizen and minstrel; Shakespeare is a gentleman)—“William Johnson, citizen and vintner, John Jackson, and John Heminges, all of London, gentlemen.” Bravo, the players! You see that the wine and beer selling element was mixed up with the stage even in the days of dramatic poetry. The deed is engrossed on parchment, and bears the date of March 10, 1612. It is signed by the civic songster, Walker, and attested by the same persons whose names appear as witnesses of Shakespeare's signature on the counterpart of the deed, and the tenement is set forth as “all that dwelling-house or tenements, with the appurtenances situate and being within the precinct of the late Blackfriars, London;” in fact, it is the theatre which was Shakespeare's property at the time of his death, and which he bequeathed to his favourite daughter Susanna.

The counterpart of the deed, the one signed by Shakespeare, is in the Guildhall library, and the mortgage is in the British Museum, at least so says the advertisement, which goes on:—

Although this document has not [the poet's autograph], yet as a Shakespearean relic it may even claim to higher esteem, as having been in Shakespeare's own possession for upwards of four years, and is most probably the only tangible thing which may ever be recovered and can be said, with certainty, that it was owned and often handled by the immortal bard. But to the counterpart of this deed, not his own, he merely affixed his signature to the small bit of parchment that holds the seal to the skin which constitutes it, and hardly, certainly but slightly, touched that deed. The reader will judge for himself which of the two is the most interesting or the most highly to be prized.

Here is a bargain to set the mind of the Shakespearean student in a flame. Not a mere signature, tossed aside as soon as scrawled, but a document that our poet had pondered over before signing, perhaps with some jesting allusion to having “nothing but his bond,” and which he had kept by him beneath cautious lock and key for four years; a parchment he had read, studied, opened, and folded; that his fingers had touched—the same fingers that held the pen that signified his desire

For a muse of fire that would ascend,  
The brightest heaven of invention!

Modest bard! He need not have supplicated the tuneful nine. His was a muse of fire, of water, earth, air, and all things else. Lovers kiss the hands of their mistresses for love of their lips, on the same principle that children eat the pining of an apple for love of the apple. So might young poets hope that their fingers might catch the contagion of genius by merely touching this precious household relic.

But fortunate J. S., of Douglas Villa, Queen's-road, Bayswater, has other treasures, such as the conveyance, according to the will, of the house in Blackfriars to Shakespeare's daughter Susanna, aged twenty-four, who was married to John Hall, M.D., physician, at Stratford, aged thirty-two, signed by J. Jackson, J. Heminges, and W. Johnson, and dated Feb. 10, 1617. The advertisement says “on parchment, with the seals of the parties: portrait.”

This is obscure. What portrait? Whose portrait? The portrait of John Hall? or of Susanna Hall, nee Shakespeare, the poet's daughter, whom the poet loved so passing well? The advertisement should be more explicit.

This last document is said to clear up all doubts as to the husband of Shakespeare's daughter Judith, the declaration of entail created by the will being set forth fully.

There is also in this collection 200 “Shakespeare portraits, the silver medal worn at the jubilee by Mr. Garrick, an autograph letter of the great little David's in French, and a sign-manual of Richard III.'s when Duke of Gloucester—“R. Gloucester” to an indenture dated “Middleham, Yorkshire, June 27, 1476.”

Our lively neighbours would seem to be labouring under a difficulty in finding subjects for permanent ovals. Unable to discover any more modern who deserves a statue, the good folks of Boulogne have resolved to erect one to—Godfrey de Bouillon. This is indeed to turn over the pages of history in search of a hero.

M. Edmond About, who is known in Paris as a furious Anglo-maniac, has addressed a letter to *La Vie Parisienne*, in which he lauds our English method of doing things for ourselves, and not leaving them, like the French, to be exploited by their Government. Permit me to quote a few of his most muscular sentences. “If you wish to build a house,” says M. About to his compatriots, “what do you do?” Turn up your shirt-sleeves and go to work? No. You beg your administrators to design a plan, seek the stones, and fetch the mortar. When this has been done for you, you mount upon the housetops and cry, in heart-rending chorus, that the mortar is not good, the stone bad, and the design of the plan detestable. You bellow and roar until your administrators, out of patience with your noise, get on the housetop behind you and whip you into silence. ‘Slots and dillards,’ says Authority, ‘why did you not build the house yourselves?’ ‘Sublime Administration!’ you answer, putting your hands into your pockets, ‘if we built the house ourselves we might be taken for Englishmen!’ Answers Authority, ‘You do nothing for yourselves. If you are only boarders and lodgers of the State, it is your own fault. You willed it, Georges Dandin!’

In writing so freely, M. About may well assume the character of an Englishman—one John Freeman—and say afterwards, in his own person, “Excusez la rudesse de mon ami Freeman!”

The *Cornhill* for February prints this:—

NOTE.—THE STORY OF THE MHOW COURT-MARTIAL.  
The following letter has been forwarded by Mr. Thomas Hughes to the writer of the paper on the Mhow court-martial, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* of November last:—

“J. O. and I having referred the matter in dispute, in our recent articles and letters in the *Cornhill Magazine* and the *Spectator*, to the decision of a mutual friend; and that decision being, ‘That J. O. had not prejudged Colonel Crawley on the charges upon which he was about to be tried at Aldershot,’ and that T. H. was not justified in imputing such a meaning to J. O.'s article; I beg, therefore, to withdraw the imputation, and to express my regret at having made it.

I also authorize J. O. to make such use as he may see fit of this paper.

Jan. 4, 1864. (Signed) “THOMAS HUGHES.”

Really, this seems to me to be rather sharp practice. It was very handsome of Mr. Hughes to make the communication; but it is a little less than handsome for “J. O.” to print it.

I came across the following, in a lady's album, the other day:—

Mont Blanc is the Monarch of mountains,  
They crown'd him long ago;  
But who they got to put it on  
Nobody seems to know.—ALBERT SMITH.

I know that Albert wrote in hurry.

To criticise I scarce presume;

But yet methinks that Lindley Murray

Instead of “who” had written whom.

W. M. THACKERAY.

The report which has been going the round of the provincial

papers to the effect that Miss M. A. Braddon, the well-known novelist, had recently married her publisher, Mr. John Maxwell, has this week received an authoritative contradiction, in the form of a letter to the *Morning Advertiser*, from Mr. E. B. Knowles, the present Mrs. Maxwell's brother-in-law.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

When the Prince Consort died, the general opinion, or what appeared to be the general opinion, of his character took a sudden change, surprising in extent and depth. In life, Opinion neglected him as a cold, severe man, who was probably kept in check by the working of our political system, to the great advantage of the country. Dead, it was seen at once that he was a most modest, most laborious, unselfish man, who seldom spoke but for others' good, and who was more than content with an obscurity which hid him, though it could not altogether hide his labours. This great change in popular opinion is to some extent paralleled in the case of Mr. Thackeray. There can be no doubt that among many people (chiefly shallow readers of his books, and men who felt themselves too dreadfully anatomised by the unconscious penman) the author of “Vanity Fair” was supposed to be, and said to be, a cynic; a hard man; sour, with no “heart,” no belief in the goodness of anybody or anything, and no wish to believe in it.

But, somehow, no sooner does his more royal head than any that wore a crown in our days lie in the grave than this opinion expires as well. It is almost as if the light which has departed from him was spent, not in the dark chamber where he died, but in the twilight minds of people who believed, without reason, things which were bitterly injurious to him all his days. Of course, much of this change is to be attributed to the declarations of men who have not only brains to read Thackeray aright in his works, but who had opportunities of knowing him in the life. And what is the burden of all that these men say? That, above everything, he was tender-hearted. It is scarcely so much the great qualities of his mind as his goodness, his gentleness, which engage the tongues and the pens of those who are most competent to judge of both. Critics who knew him cannot content themselves with criticism. Severe writers like Mr. Hannay (whom nobody ever accused of sentimentalism) break away from the man's works to the man again and again, and write the language of profound affection. Mr. Trollope, discoursing in the new number of the *Cornhill* (his paper has suggested these remarks), says, “It is not so much that Thackeray was admired and valued as that he was loved.” “The dear face with its gentle smile, the sweet manly voice”—these are the things which are first thought of by a commentator who may be himself a writer of novels, but who also happens to have less “nonsense” about him than any writer of fiction alive. “One loved him,” says Mr. Trollope of his friend and master, “almost as one loves a woman . . . because his heart was tender as is the heart of a woman.” It has been said of him that he was jealous as a writer: we of the *Cornhill* knew nothing of such jealousy. He was the kindest of guides, the gentlest of rulers, and, as a fellow-workman, liberal, unselfish, considerate beyond compare.

When Mr. Dickens writes (also in the *Cornhill*) it is the same story. “Genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive,” this is how the cynic is described by a pen which, stray where it may, was never known to wander into flattery. His love for children, his “particular delight in boys,” “his warm affections, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, his munificent hand”—what are we to say to a sour, satirical monster with such qualities as these? But he is a sour, satirical monster no longer; though I believe there were moments, to the day of his death, when this great man, too sensitive to the attacks of little sneers, was half persuaded he had the character his enemies made for him.

The opinions of men like Dickens and Trollope on the works of a fellow-novelist are worth noting. Mr. Trollope says he regards “Esmond” as “the first and finest novel in the English language.” Mr. Dickens has had the advantage of seeing all that Thackeray had written [half] of his last story, and he says, “In respect of earnest feeling, farseeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works.”—This story is announced to commence in the March number of the *Cornhill*, with a portrait of the author, from the drawing by Samuel Lawrence, which the *Times* praised so highly the other day.

The “H” appended to some verses about Thackeray in the *Cornhill* obviously stand for “Houghton,” the style and title of the poetical Peer who was once Mr. Monckton Milnes.

It has long been known that Mr. G. H. Lewes was employed on a work of at least as much importance as his “History of Philosophy” and his “Life of Goethe.” At length this work has been sent to the press; and we shall soon have the conclusions of one of the most liberal, acute, and cultivated minds of our own time upon the life and labours of a philosopher of old—Aristotle. For “conclusions,” “elucidations” ought to have been written; for that is the word which best applies to all Mr. Lewes's work. Aristotle elucidated, expounded, made clear,” not in cryptical language for students alone, but in vigorous, clean English, which everybody understands—that is what may be very confidently expected, since it is Mr. Lewes who takes up the task.

One long-promised work of real importance, then, will soon be published. Another has been finished many months ago; but while there remains a line in any poem of Mr. Tennyson's which does not sound in his ears with a perfect union of strength and sweetness, the poem is not permitted to appear. But spring days approach, with gentle winds, and softly moving clouds, and quickening leaves; and let us hope that by June, at latest, these things will provoke the Laureate once more into that divine musical mood which made the “Lotos Eaters” a possible—an actual production. Then the last touch shall be given, and we shall all be satisfied.

We are to have a new periodical conducted by Mrs. S. C. Hall. I hear. Its contents are to be particularly addressed to young ladies; and as young ladies are the most constant readers, and as Mrs. S. C. Hall has a deserved reputation, the proposed magazine has a very good chance of success.

We seem to have fallen upon times not only of loose thinking but of downright carelessness, laziness, and inaccuracy in literary matters. Criticism is almost a forgotten art. History is written with a haste or an indifference which would be fatal to anyone who attempted to shine in chemistry or astronomy. Within the last week a very notable instance of this carelessness has come before the world. Miss Agnes Strickland, “as the biographer of Mary, Queen of Scots,” writes to the *Times* in the cause of truth: she is anxious to explode a fallacy in Mr. Froude's “History of the Reign of Elizabeth,” just published. Miss Strickland says:—

The unfortunate Prince (Darnley) is there asserted to have expressed his suspicions after the Queen's departure, on the evening of the murder, that she premeditated evil against him, concluding his pathetic forebodings of treachery by reciting verses 12, 13, and 14 from the 55th Psalm, which are quoted at length in plain English, the authority cited by Mr. Froude for this statement being the deposition of Thomas Nelson. Mr. Froude has misquoted his authority. This unhistorical attempt to excite the passions and prejudices of the ignorant and unreasoning against Mary by a forced parallel between her and Judas did not emanate from Thomas Nelson, but was originated by M. Dargand, and appeared for the first time in his “Histoire de Marie Stuart.”

It is next Mr. Froude's turn. He replies:—

Miss Strickland is in error in saying that I referred for my authority to the deposition of Nelson, and she is equally in error in supposing the story to have been invented by M. Dargand. The second mistake is a singular one, for the fact is mentioned both by Fraser Tytler and by Mignet, and the authority—a letter of Sir William Drury, written from Berwick a few weeks after the murder—is correctly referred to by each of them. Sir William Drury was Marshal of Berwick. He was in daily communication with Edinburgh; and he took particular pains to acquaint himself with all the circumstances of the Darnley tragedy. Speaking of Darnley's own expectations of foul play, he writes:—“The King would often read and sing the 55th Psalm, and went over it a few hours before his death.”

It thus appears that Miss Strickland, historian, misquotes Mr. Froude, historian, and is ignorant of what has appeared upon her “own subject” in two other historians whose works are to be found in every library in England.

Having cleared himself of this accusation, Mr. Froude goes on to accuse somebody else:—

I wish that it was unnecessary for me to add anything to this statement; but it is my duty also to say that any one wishing to verify this reference [to Drury's letter, in the Rolls' House] may find a difficulty in doing so. When Mr. Tytler examined those papers the latter was apparently complete. He describes it as addressed to Cecil. I should infer from his note, though this is less certain, that it then bore Drury's signature. The volume or bundle in which it stood has since that time been taken to pieces and redistributed, and there remains of the letter but a single sheet, without address, date, or signature, bound together with several fragments of other letters written at different intervals, the leaves incorrectly combined, parts of each of them missing, and the end of one attached to the beginning of another. Who is responsible for the present condition of those letters, and what has become of the missing portions of them?

Mr. Duffus Hardy, of the Rolls' House, answers these queries, showing, at the same time, that if Miss Strickland has read Tytler carelessly, so has Mr. Froude. This gentleman states that, “when Mr. Tytler examined those papers, the letter was apparently complete.”

Mr. Tytler, however, calls it “a fragment without date of month or day.” Again, Mr. Froude states that “the volume in which it stood has since that time (i.e., when used by Mr. Tytler) been taken to pieces and redistributed.” This is not so. The volume was bound in 1838, and consequently, when consulted by Mr. Tytler, in 1840, was in the same condition in which it remains at present.

To be sure, these are not grave errors; but we can put little faith in the statements of an historian who calls a document “apparently complete” on authority which explicitly declares it to be a “fragment.”

#### THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

The theatrical world has been much agitated during the last few days by the death of a Columbine—Miss Marie Charles—by fire. Many of the daily and weekly papers have endeavoured to prove that in cases of accident theatrical managers should be held as responsible as railway officials. I think this is but right; but, deeply as I deplore the terrible casualties we too often read of, and reckless as I know managers to be of the health and comforts of the people they employ, I do not think it would be found practically possible for them to interfere with the dresses worn by the ballet. If dancers have conceived a prejudice against the immersion of their gauzy robes into chemical solutions, or if they are of opinion that the dipping is detrimental to the appearance of the material, managers of theatres, despotic though they be and heavy-handed in the exercise of power, could not coerce them. Vanity has its victims off as well as on the stage, and it has been found as impossible to force women to adopt as to abandon a fashion. Death by fire is always terrible, but how trebly hideous on a brilliantly-lighted stage, with filmy figures dancing round the victim, and the crash of an orchestra drowning her death-shrieks!

Mr. G. V. Brooke, the tragedian, while playing Richelieu in the Belfast theatre, was so annoyed by some expressions of disapprobation from the audience that he stopped in the middle of his performance, and, addressing the public—the public who had paid—said:—“Gentlemen,—I have been accustomed to be treated by a Belfast audience with courtesy. I won't stand this!” and walked off the stage; nor could any solicitations induce him to appear again. What is the reason that so many tragedians, both in their public and their private lives, conduct themselves so unlike men of this world? Other actors are content to behave like ordinary mortals—why not tragedians? Does a determination of blank verse to the head affect the brain?

The drama of “Leah” at the Adelphi, and Mr. Burnand's burlesque of “Ixion,” have both turned their hundredth night of representation; and the “Ticket-of-Leave Man” is not yet to be withdrawn from the Olympic playbills, in consequence, as the advertisement says, “of constant applications for places.”

The accompanying notice of a provincial theatre is worth printing. From its perusal you will see that there are other poets in the land besides Poet Close:—

On Thursday (15th inst.) the performances were under the patronage of the Right Hon. the Earl of Devon. The pieces selected were the pantomime, “Little Red Riding Hood,” and the comedy, “Used Up.” The pantomime was played with much spirit. Intelligence, in the humorous alphabet scene, made an apt allusion to Lord Courtenay, who is a candidate for the future representation of Exeter in the House of Commons, in the following terms:—

Now greet the vision of a noble line,  
Whose name in Parliament we hope will shine;  
As statesman, orator, and guardian here  
Of England's liberties we trust to see.

The figures forming the words “Lord Courtenay.” This was received with enthusiastic applause. Again Intelligence repeats,

The last, not least, the noblest Earl in Devon's lovely land,  
The Earl of Devon. The Courtenay family are good as grand.

This is “Erole's vein”! The Lords Devon and Courtenay must indeed feel proud to see their virtues chronicled in such glowing lines. The compliment which

Again Intelligence repeats,

The Courtenay family is good as grand

is charmingly comprehensive. It includes the Courtenays past, present, and to come; but I must say no more, lest, fired by my praise, the poet of Exeter take the train for London.

#### THE FRENCH IRONCLADS.

THE question of the efficiency of iron-clad vessels is still debated with the greatest interest, and it is not too much to say that the performances of the French fleet in its recent trial-trip were watched with considerable anxiety by the naval authorities here, since there are still differences of opinion as to the best method of construction. The notion of iron-plating vessels, although now carried, it may be supposed, to a point beyond which it is impossible to go with any degree of certainty, is by no means due to inventors of the present day. Both in the siege of Tunis by Doria, and in that of Gibraltar by Chevalier d'Arcon, in 1782, this idea was practically adopted; and in 1813 the first completely plated vessel was built from the designs of Fulton, then a citizen of the United States. This ship, which was first called the *Demologos*, and afterwards by the name of its inventor, was of oak, and provided with a metal wall of sufficient thickness to resist the artillery of that day. It was furnished with thirty-two guns, and, besides these, with furnaces for making red-hot shot, and an apparatus for deluging an enemy with boiling-water at close quarters. In 1829 this vessel was blown up by accident, but, as the type appeared to be effective, it was reproduced, with numerous improvements, in the shape of a new ship called “Fulton II.,” which might still have been found only a few years since in the American navy, but dismantled of her iron plating and reduced to the appearance of an ordinary vessel of war.

The more modern construction of ironclads may be said to date from 1844, when, both in France and America, a system of floating batteries was instituted on this principle.

It is unnecessary to speak at any length of the various experiments which have been made ever since the appearance of the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*; and it is impossible to determine whether the result has been satisfactory, since the increased power of artillery has pretty well kept pace with improvements in the means of defence; and the problem still remains to be solved whether any vessel which will float at all can be so iron-plated that she may be safe from the tremendous projectiles before which no ordinary defences can stand.

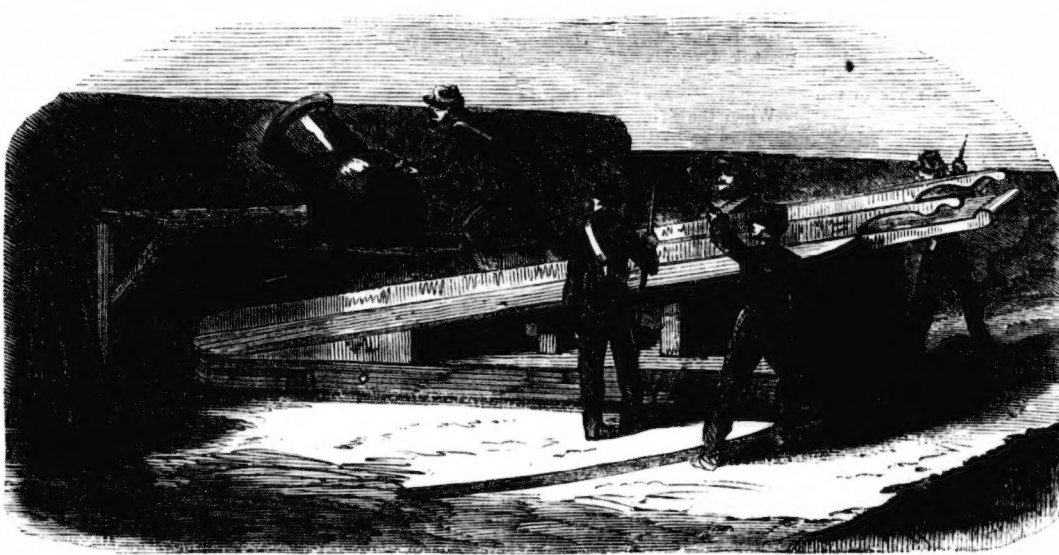
In France, where the rage for ironclads may be said to have had its commencement, the new system was instituted in consequence of the damage done to the French vessels by the Russian batteries in the Crimean War. It was discovered, too, that Paixhan's hollow projectiles could be thrown with a precision equal to that of an ordinary shot; and that on entering the side of a vessel either at or below the water-mark they would in bursting make a breach which it was almost impossible to stop before the ship was disabled.

These facts, and a series of careful experiments, resulted in the construction of the *Devastation*, the *Lave*, and the *Tonnante*, which were followed by *La Gloire*, launched in November, 1859, and armed in the following year, and still one of the best specimens of the present system of naval architecture. The success of this latter vessel was so obvious that she was followed at intervals by those which now make up the French iron-clad fleet, and



the Solferino, the Magenta, the Couronne, the Invincible, and the Normandie were successively placed upon the stocks. It has been discovered, however, that whatever may be the advantages of such a navy for attack or defence, the weak point of all these vessels is the difficulty of their management in a heavy sea.

In artillery the French have adopted most of the later improvements, and have introduced a very valuable appliance (the invention of Captain Benet), consisting of a revolving gun-carriage, for the support of heavy mortars for coast service. These pieces, which are readily adjusted by means of the new invention, will throw shots of 200lb. weight a distance of three miles. The perfection of the French rifled cannon is still unsurpassed, and the machinery used for the manufacture of these pieces is similar to that of our own arsenals, by which the solid metal is pared and scooped away by the cutting tools, as though the enormous cylinder were but a wooden bedpost, and the terrible engine an ordinary lathe. The conical pierced bullets adapted to these guns are also amongst the most effective of projectiles. In guns of enormous calibre, although our neighbours have not yet reached the gigantic proportions of some of our own efforts, and especially of "Big Will," the last effort of Sir William Armstrong, they have still their Marie Jean, which has stood some seven trials, and pierces



FRENCH GUNNERY: MORTAR UPON MOVABLE BEARINGS.

a four-and-a-half-inch plate at three quarters of a mile distance, besides other guns, which, if they are not distinguished for extraordinary size, have at least indicated the direction to which modern artillery is tending.

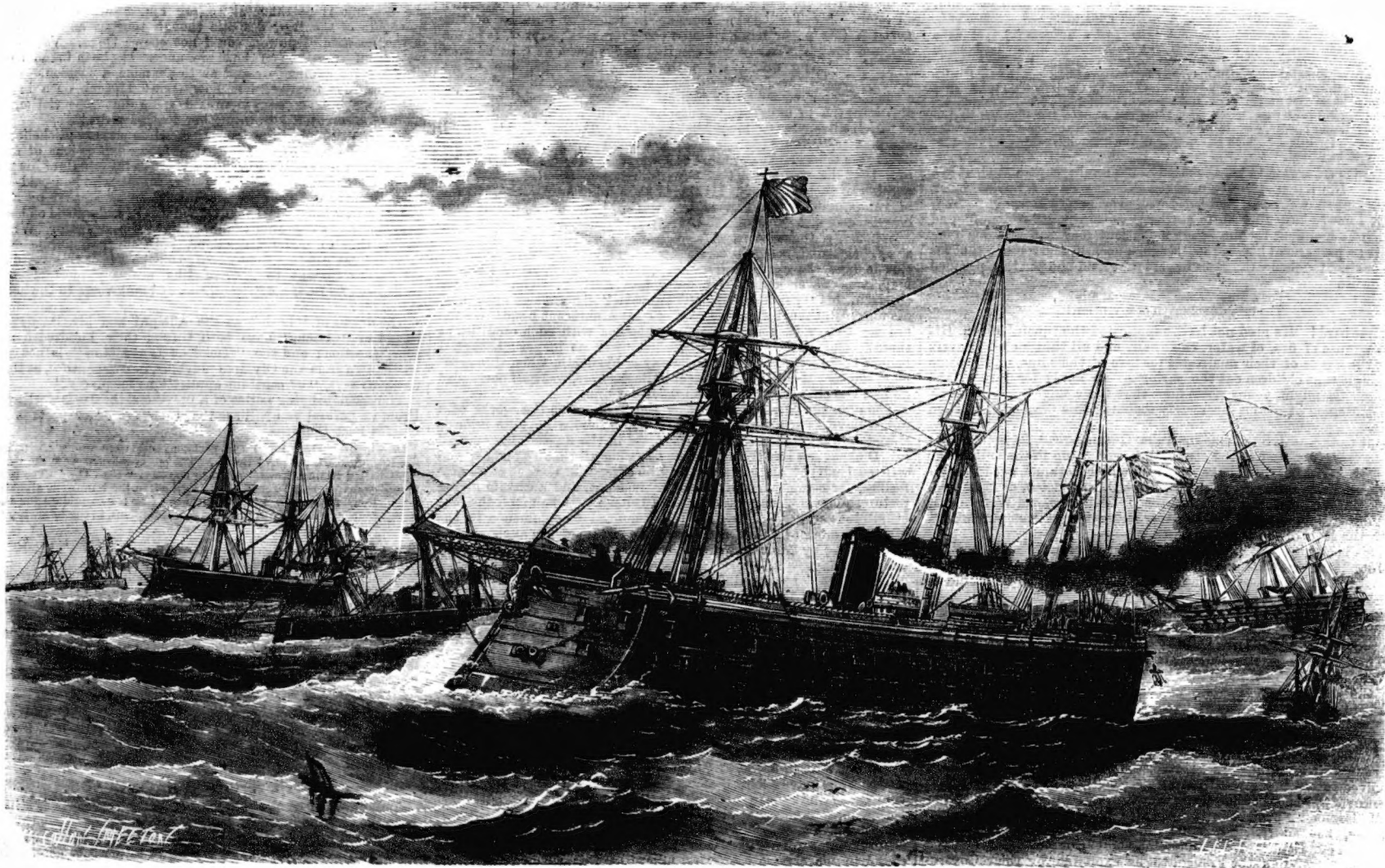
accords to the happy wight in whose "heap" the red ear is found the privilege of kissing his fair neighbour—the enforcement of which right is, of course, attended with a certain amount of conventional resistance. This episode is represented in our Engraving.

#### NEW ENGLAND CORN-HUSKING.

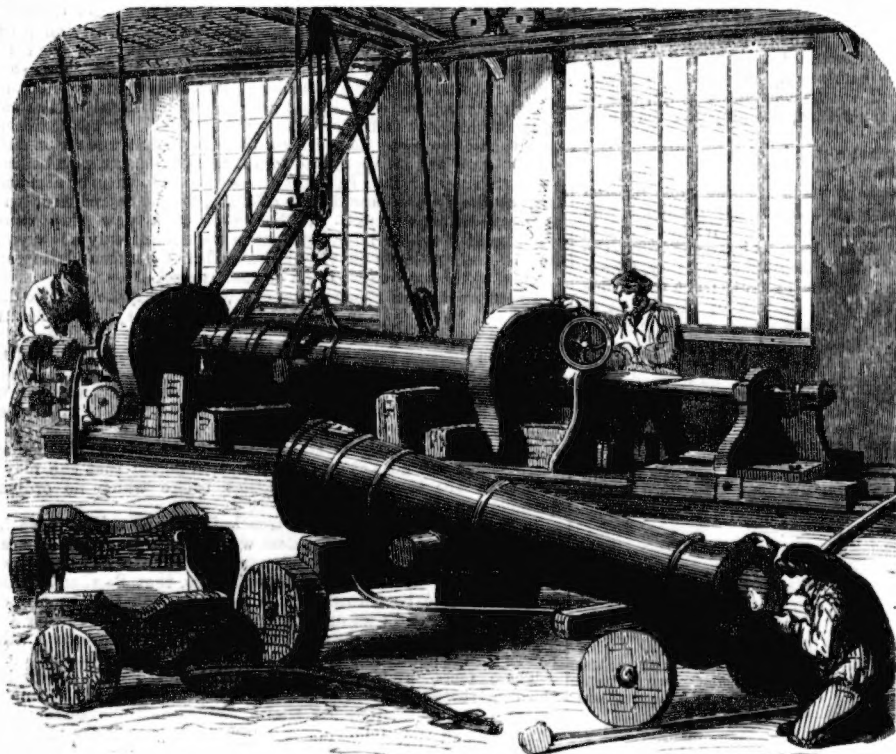
THE Engraving bearing the above title illustrates one of the characteristic features of agricultural life in the United States. The word "corn" there has a different signification to what it has here, and, instead of being applied as a generic term to all cereals, is confined exclusively to "maize" or Indian corn, which constitutes one of the most important staples of the States. When the harvest is gathered in, the young gentry of the neighbourhood, male and female, assemble in a barn to "husk" the corn. This is one of the few agricultural processes for which Yankee ingenuity has devised no machinery, and it is done exclusively by hand. It consists in stripping from the "ear" of corn the long leaves or husks which protect it during its growth. These gatherings are made the occasion of merrymakings, usually enlivened by the presence of the village fiddler. Of course, friendly contests arise as to who shall "husk" the greatest number of "ears;" and in this way, amid laughter and music, "many hands make light work."

Occasionally an "ear" is found which, instead of being of a golden yellow colour, is of a brilliant red.

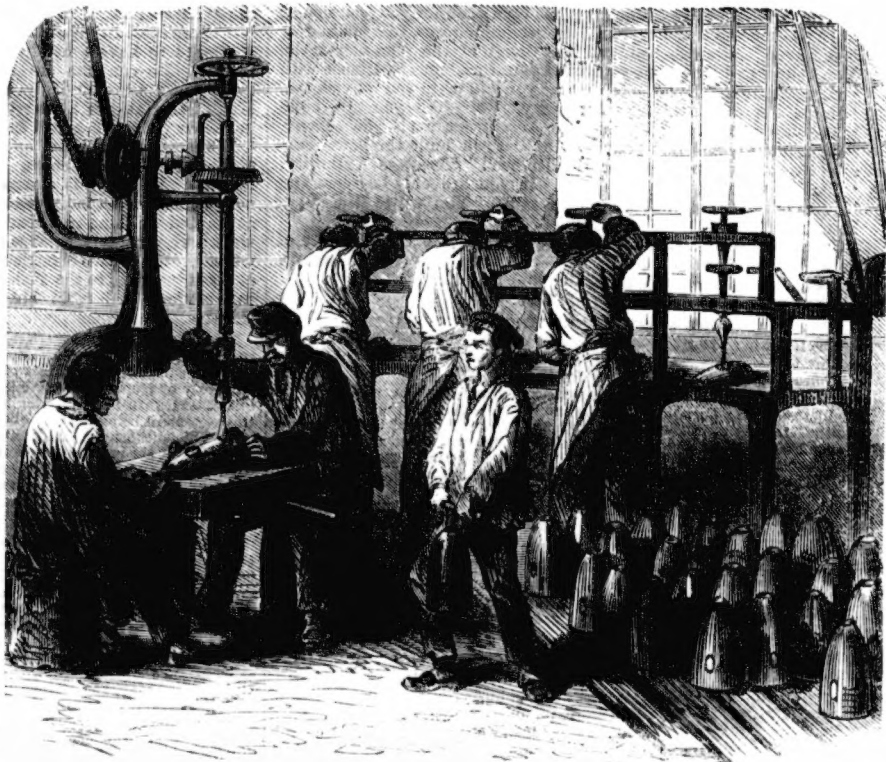
When this is the case traditional usage accords to the happy wight in whose "heap" the red ear is found the privilege of kissing his fair neighbour—the enforcement of which right is, of course, attended with a certain amount of conventional resistance. This episode is represented in our Engraving.



THE FRENCH IRON-CLAD FLEET AT SEA.



MACHINERY FOR RIFLING CANNON.



MANUFACTURE OF CYLINDRICAL SHOT.





CORN-HUSKING IN NEW ENGLAND.



## Literature.

*Hard Cash.* A Matter-of-fact Romance. By CHARLES READE. 3 vols. Sampson Low, Son, and Marston.

We shall not attempt to criticise Mr. Reade's new work, for we have really no heart for the task, after having read it, and read it again and again, until it has become a possession. We do honestly think that the work is crude and imperfectly manipulated, and that chiefly because the author had more material than he knew what to do with. But it is most likely he himself is as well aware of that as we are, and is content to abide by the consequences. "Hard Cash" is written with a "purpose;" and to that purpose a great deal is, we should think, deliberately sacrificed by the author. Mr. Reade has sacrificed time, money, and energy in the same cause, and would not hesitate to give up a point in art, if necessary. It seems he is prepared to go further, for he invites fresh communications from those who have complaints to make against lunacy law, private asylums, and mad doctors. We wish him well out of his crusade, with plenty of the only sort of reward that is worthy of goodness such as his—the gratitude of the wronged and oppressed. In the meanwhile we offer to him sincere and respectful homage, and to our readers the assurance that, if they have not read "Hard Cash" in Mr. Dickens's serial, or in its present shape, they have a treat to come. Although Mr. Reade does not tell his story in letters, he is of the school of Richardson, and stands alone in the power with which he works in the manner of that illustriousman. Several times, in reading "Hard Cash," we have had to say to ourselves, "The man who wrote this could have written 'Clarissa Harlowe.'" But neither Richardson nor any other English storyteller that we know of has done the love-making of his couples as Mr. Reade does it—so sweetly, so purely, and yet with such boyish abandon. A great, kind, good, truculent boy of genius is, indeed, just what Mr. Reade is; and he always writes of love matters with the innocent fervour of one-and-twenty. Happy Mr. Reade, who can do this! for he must have kept his heart clean; and happy the reader whom his pages shall stir and quicken into an effort to get back whatever purity of soul he may have lost in relation to women! A man who can paint the love of young hearts like this is a more effective enemy to vice than any of the societies for suppressing it, and a better friend to woman than all the midnight meeting associations going.

The readers of the ILLUSTRATED TIMES will remember Mr. Reade's novel of "Love me Little, Love me Long." The Lucy Fountain and David Dodd of that story meet us here again as Mr. and Mrs. Dodd—the heroine being Julia, their daughter. Alfred Hardie, son of a country banker, Richard Hardie, is in love with Julia. The interest of the story turns chiefly upon old Hardie's having embezzled fourteen thousand pounds belonging to David Dodd; Alfred being the only honest person who knows it—the knowledge having come to him in such a way that direct proof is, until circumstances favour him at a given moment, utterly out of his power. As it is inconvenient that he should go about with this information—and, above all, inconvenient that he should tell Julia and her mother what he knows—it is thought desirable by his father to put him out of the way as a monomaniac. Lunacy law being what it is—private lunatic asylums and lunacy doctors being what they are—it is very easy to do this. So Alfred is visited by two fee'd psychological assess, signed into an asylum, and, on his wedding-day, imprisoned for a madman. Now comes the pathos of the story in the situation of the two lovers, neither knowing what has become of the other. But Mr. Reade's chief object is to show up the "system;" and he does it, being amply supported by the facts quoted in his appendix. Eventually Alfred escapes, and all is well; but, in the meanwhile, we have been shown by Mr. Reade how the law may be worked to basest ends and in the most cruel manner. Unhappily, there are very few laws that cannot be so worked.

Here is an abstract of the case made out by Mr. Reade. In the first place, lunacy doctors are tools with crotchets. In the second place, it is their interest to sign away people's reason; for they are, of course, fee'd for doing it by the person who engages them, and some, if not all, receive a commission from the keeper of the private asylum for every patient sent in. Then, it is the interest of the private asylum proprietor to keep his patient as long as possible, or rather, he thinks it his interest. And, lastly, the lunacy inspectors and commissioners are many of them old women, whom it is perfectly easy to humbug, even if they were ever so active in the fulfilment of their duties. Nothing is simpler than for a keeper to say, when a lunatic is about to complain to a visitor, "Take care, Sir! he is dangerous."

For the keeper of an asylum to drive a man mad, or into such a state that he shall pass for mad, is the easiest thing in the world. Drug his drink with morphia or henbane; give him a bed infested with vermin; let the servants treat him so rudely that he resists; then put him into the "violent" ward, and blister his head; keep the game well up; order him prolonged shower-baths; torture him with croton oil; force him into the company of the worst sort of the really mad; rob him of his sleep by ingenious noises; irritate him by indescribable indignities; when the inspectors come round warn them that this is a dangerous patient, and show them in your books the entries that so-and-so was violent on such and such days, of course suppressing what made him violent; plant your feet on the certificate of lunacy signed by the two mad doctors; trust to the extreme stupidity of the inspectors, and the slowness of routine in "boards;" and you may keep a flourishing asylum, with a good character, although you have two or three perfectly sane people within its walls, whom you are doing your very best to convert into madmen.

The first question that occurs to us, after this case has been submitted, is, "How much of it is true?" The next, "What is to be done?" It was once our lot to go over a private asylum which had the very best character, and, judging merely from what we saw in half an hour, we thought the place a sink of iniquity. We also know of a surgeon's widow who gave up a good post as matron in a private asylum, solely because she would not participate in its infamies—a lady of great energy of character, and not at all apt to start aside at shadows. Of course, there are honest proprietors of such asylums; but, the average human creature being what he is, we should think the majority are open to bribery from the first; that a good many more, who began by being honest, become depraved in time; and that the number of really good people in the class in question is trifling. Taking one thing with another, we should think it quite likely that there are perfectly sane inmates in every private asylum in the kingdom, persons whom it is convenient to keep out of the way. The argument that the present state of the law as to inspection and so forth would prevent that, is as much beneath contempt as a lunacy doctor's opinion—which is saying a good deal.

In thinking of remedies, we are stopped at once by the difficulty of finding men capable of working the requisite machinery. As Mr. Reade says, over and over again, it really seems as if there were no men, but only, as he calls them, *hominunculi*; and, in his fine words, "To put little men into great places is to make monsters." We do not wish to mention names, but there are "great guns" in lunacy law and lunacy medicine whom we would not trust with the fate of a dog—so strong is our opinion of their utter imbecility. As for the law upon the subject of lunacy, it would be hopeless to discuss it in a mere review. It has got hold of the wrong end of the stick altogether. Mr. Mill, in his great work on "Liberty," sounded an alarm on this very subject, and we are thankful Mr. Reade has now taken up the trumpet. He truly says that there are resources in the common (or unwritten) law of England which are too much overlooked when matters of personal liberty are in question. Is there no briefless but intelligent barrister who will take up, in the interest of freedom, the question—How much of our grand old common law is actually left uninclosed by statutory limits, and is still at the service of the oppressed subjects of this realm? It was once upon a time the work of the writer of these lines to abstract "Blackstone's Commentaries" and some other law books, and he was deeply struck with what is nobly said by Mr. Reade—the justice, humanity, and true greatness of the Common Law of England.

"Hard Cash" contains more fun about doctors in general than any book we ever read. There is a portrait, imitatively good, of Dr. Dickson ("Fallacies of the Faculty"), who is introduced as Dr. Sampson; and there are one or two other likenesses which will be recognised. His novel, indeed, is crowded with life, and glowing, from first to last, with humane intelligence. Faults it has (of extravagance or crudity, here and there), but they are the faults (as we have said) of a great, glad, radiant, strong boy of genius; and long may it be before Mr. Reade grows up! Long may he keep the brave, kind heart, and the fearless tongue, which make it so natural to think of him as a brother, that writing a notice of his book becomes an act of homage and fellowship!

*Poems.* By B. H. FARQUHAR. Author of "The Pearl of Days," "Real Religion," &c. London: F. Pitman.

Some dozen years ago, or more, a Glasgow merchant offered three prizes for the three best essays on the Sabbath, the writers to belong to the working classes. Among the competitors was a young woman, daughter of a gentleman's gardener, who sent in an essay entitled "The Pearl of Days." A woman could not be admitted into the competition, but her essay was by far the best of the 950, and more than 100,000 copies of it were sold. The author of that essay is the B. H. Farquhar who writes these poems. We have the pleasure of giving them a welcome. They are truthful, and not without accents, here and there, of real melody. If, however, the authoress wishes to do better some day, she will have, in the meanwhile, to read stronger books than she has read hitherto, to open her eyes boldly on the facts of life, to adjust and reconcile her (now) conflicting views of things, and to study the mechanism of the poetic art. If she flinches from this curriculum, if pages 94 and 95 of her book are autobiographical, and she declines to leave her mental inglenook any more, we offer her an alternative. The last item in our curriculum we insist upon, if she mean, to write any more verses; but she may dispense with the rest, and yet write some good hymns for the closet or for public worship; and good hymns are much wanted. We extract the best thing her volume contains:—

## THE PERISHABLE.

What is coming? What is going?  
Frost is keen and winds are blowing,  
While the farmer's seed is sowing.

What is passing from our sight?  
Only wintry storms and blight,  
Only shadows of the night.

What is rising to our view?  
God is making all things new:  
His life is thrilling nature through.

The sun awakes the spring again,  
The summer blooms o'er hill and plain,  
And harvest gathers golden grain.

Only nettle, tare, and thorn  
Perish on the judgment morn;  
Good is evermore re-born.

Good is coming, evil going;  
Beauty past our present knowing;  
For the hand of God is sowing.

*The Brown Book: A Book of Ready Reference, &c., to London.* Saunders, Oley, and Co.

This is another of the many guides to London which are sometimes so useful to provincial Englishmen, and always so bewildering to foreigners. Much of its contents may be easily guessed, such as places of public amusements and learned societies. The chief features of novelty are lists and criticisms of hotels, so far as has been found practicable; lists of lodging-houses, breakfast and dining rooms; libraries, "public and circulating;" and all kinds of public buildings, schools, charities, &c. The great novelty is a list, on the "cab-fare" principle of tabulation, of the nearest receiving-house, pillar-box, money-order office, commissionaire, telegraph station, fire engine, fire-escape, hospital, cab-stand, and police station. The "nearest" being given in columns by the side of a list of the names of the principal streets. "The Brown Book" is worth looking at before the purchaser of a guide-book makes up his mind.

*The Sporting Rifle and its Projectiles.* By Lieut. JAMES FORSYTH, M.A., Assistant Conservator of Forests, Central India. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A book which is not too large, but is wholly devoted to the consideration of sporting rifles, will be welcome all over our colonies, however it be regarded at home. Lieut. Forsyth treats of the rifle generally and the principles of modern gunnery, and gradually works up to advice founded on his own experience. Just as there is a time for everything, so he proves that there is a length of barrel for everything, a proper amount of spiral for everything, and a sufficient fineness or coarseness of powder for everything—everything being the rifle, of course. The chapters on selection of a weapon are worth young sportsmen's attention; and the volume concludes with some pages of the utmost importance. For jungle shooting, Lieut. Forsyth insists that the sportsman is by no means safe with any kind of ordinary rifle, nor even with Jacob's shells, which he describes as only good for blowing up ammunition waggons, when one single spark is quite sufficient. On the healthy system of not destroying a house without building a better, the author gives a full account of the improved rifle shell which he has invented, and which has been found to answer well. Should this meet the eye of a tiger, no doubt the hint will be taken.

*Sylvia's Lovers.* By Mrs. GASKELL. New and Illustrated Edition. Smith, Elder, and Co.

A new edition of this powerful love story may be almost suffered to speak for itself. It is one in which the writer has not spared the wayward character of the heroine, nor stinted the misfortunes and the goodness of the ill-treated Philip. It is amongst the best writings of Mrs. Gaskell, although it can lay no claim to the great teaching and purpose of "Mary Barton" or "Ruth." Most readers will regret that many of the pages are so dressed in north country dialect as to be scarcely able to make themselves understood down south. This is a mistake on the artistic side; but one which we venture to question. If foreigners are made to form characters in English novels their language should be interpreted, for the convenience of readers who may not be so well cultivated in languages as the more fortunate people with whom the foreigners come into contact in the book. And, to many Londoners at least, French or Italian is far more comprehensible than the dialect of Yorkshire. The new edition of "Sylvia's Lovers" is handsomely printed in one volume, at a cheap rate, and is decorated with a few wood engravings of the modern style, and of fair ordinary merit.

## MR. MILTON MODERNISED.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones,  
The sov'reigns of Brown, Robinson, and Jones?  
Or that his hallowed relics should be hid  
Under a Hepworth-Dixon pyramid?  
Dear son of memory—great heir of fame,  
Why all these little names tacked to thy name?  
Thou may'st feel wonder and astonishment  
At all this row about thy monument,  
While, to the shame of our dramatic Art,  
Thy plays of our stage-banquet make no part.  
Methinks 'twere well, blushing, to bring to book  
Praises so empty, though so big they look;  
And, with our stage ungraced of thy conceiving,  
Own ourselves arrant hangings, self-deceiving;  
Meanwhile, do thou in quiet stratford lie,  
Headless of all this buzzing of small fry!—Punch.

Mrs. L. TITENS has recently been visiting Hamburg, her native place. She sang in St. Michael's Church to aid the fund for building the new church of St. Nicholas; and, as she positively refused any pecuniary recompense, the building committee presented her with a bracelet worth a hundred louis d'or and a view of the church for which she had generously given her services.

## OUR FEUILLETON.

## THEATRICAL TYPES.

## No. III.—TRAGEDIANS.

THOSE playgoers who are wise enough to conserve their illusions by keeping the orchestra between them and the footlights, although they may have read many accounts of actors in the pages of magazines and novels, may, perhaps, not be aware of the technical division of "lines of business." This will be the more easily explained by pointing out how in a tragedy—"Hamlet," for instance—the various members of a dramatic company know what character in the play will be allotted to them. The part of Hamlet is, of course, performed by the leading tragedian; that of the Ghost by the first heavy man; Claudius, the usurping King, by the second heavy ditto; Laertes by the juvenile tragedian; Oseio by the eccentric comedian; the first gravedigger by the first low comedian, and so on.

There are as many varieties of tragedian as there are of fancy pigeon, paletot, or armchair. They are generally grave men, with deep voices, and manners of solemn, not to say sepulchral, politeness. Some of them carry this peculiarity so far as to resemble animated statues rather than living men, and many a good-natured but ghastly actor has sat upon the spirits of the guests at a jolly supper-party by conducting himself like the equestrian spectre of Don Guzman trying to adapt himself to circumstances, or the shade of the blood-boltered Banquo endeavouring to spend a pleasant evening *chez* Macbeth. The habit of addressing distant galleries gives a fearful distinctness to their utterance. They are terribly impartial to each letter of every word they utter, and ask with such syllabic emphasis for "mashed potatoes," as to make "mashed" sound like sarcasm and "potatoes" like denunciation.

It is a common error to suppose that all this arises from affection—from a desire to appear singular, and to "pose" melodramatically. The constant use of the voice renders its tones deep, rich, and mellow; the close-shaven cheeks make the face look pale and hollow; and the practice of assuming different costumes, and of "suing the action to the word and the word to the action," brings the hands out of the familiar region of the trousers' pockets to aid in illustrating their owner's speech. So artificial an art as acting naturally begets artificial manners; but, though artificial, they are entirely apart from affectation. The gravity of a judge, the upright carriage of a soldier, or the swing of a sailor, are habits, not affectations. So is the actor's hand in his vest, so are his knuckles on his hip, so are his folded arms; though we should be all glad to see those favourite stock attitudes banished from the stage, with the footmen in topboots and the chambermaids in white muslins and pink ribbons.

Tragedians spring from all grades of society—from the Oxford man, who has taken honours, to the journeyman carpenter, endowed with dark eyes and a loud voice. In the one case the Oxford man, having spent his little capital, finds himself at the age of five-and-twenty penniless and without a calling wherewith to win bread. "Surely," thinks the Oxford man, "I, who am a gentleman and a man of education, must understand the dramatic art more thoroughly, and, understanding, be an abler exponent of it, than an unlettered mechanic hardly capable of reading and writing his own name." And this sounds so feasible that it is not till after many years' weary work in barns, stages fitted up in rooms in taverns and townhalls, and in little country theatres, that the Oxonian confesses to himself that an actor must be born, not manufactured; and that, though it is well to be talented, it is better to be lucky.

The tragedian who has been at a University is always in trouble. The tastes and habits of his early life cling to him—he cannot shake them off; and in each town in which he plays he contracts a number of small debts. In the dressing-room or in the green-room he seldom speaks of his college life, and, except when asked out to dine by an old chum, and warmed with wine, is reticent as to the past. As he grows older he grows disappointed and petulant, and the fine courtesy which used to mark his manners to his comrades gradually wears away, and he assumes a snappish tone of dogmatic authority. He is astonished when he hears that Howler, or Growler, or Moaner, or Tearer, or Weeper have made successes in London. "The fellows don't know B from a bull's foot!" exclaims the ex-Oxonian. "The drama—that is, the tragic drama—is no more! Tragedy is dead!" And he sends for another glass of brandy.

At times this sort of actor is comparatively rich, which makes the observant members of the company say that his old friends have not forgotten him. While the money lasts, no companion more agreeable, no society more charming than the generous tragedian's. He makes small presents to the ladies of the theatre, entertains the men handsomely, and emerges from sartorial shabbiness into new, jaunty, well-cut, gentlemanly habiliments; but as the money is exhausted and the gloss of the new hat wears off, the old irascibility returns, and by the time the velvet collar of his coat is greased his temper is soured, and it is not until the next "remittance" that he is restored to his real self again.

Meanwhile the tragedian who has been a journeyman carpenter has fared better than his learned brother; and his case may be taken as a fair example of the way by which humble workmen make the stage a means of rising in the world. What the Bar is to the middle class the Stage is to the class below them.

Little Sam Hickson was the son of a laundress who had lost her husband, and who "washed" for food, raiment, and shelter for herself and four sturdy, hungry children, of whom Sam was the eldest. By dint of maternal perseverance and entreaty Sam was bound 'prentice to a carpenter, and was perfectly satisfied with his calling, as affording him the possession of a basket of tools and the constant means of cutting his fingers. Man's destiny is decreed by what the very shallow call trifles; and the fate of Sam was marked out for him in indeleble ink by the contents of a basket of soiled linen. The theatre at Peddieborough was open, and Mrs. Hickson washed for some of the company. Sam's eye caught sight of two or three bits of finery—he was a vain lad, with a girl's complexion and dark eyes—and he resolved to see the players; but the accomplishment of his resolution was a difficulty. Mrs. Hickson objected to playhouses and players on religious grounds. Poverty compelled her to wash for the unfortunate persons whose calling in this life doomed them to perdition in the next, but she would not have witnessed a theatrical performance for any amount of soap and soda. Sam saved half-pence secretly, and saw "Pizarro" from the gallery. He could not stay to see the last piece, but hastened home, fire in his brain, enthusiasm in his heart, and a lie upon his tongue. "He had been playing in the close," he told his mother, and as he spoke the thought struck him that the coolness with which he uttered the falsehood was a proof that he possessed the actor's talent. From the hour that Sam first saw Rolla—fleshings, feathers, tiger-skin, and all—he knew no rest. He had tasted spangles, and longed for more. He modelled himself upon the actor who had played the Peruvian hero—greased his hair copiously, and tied his neckerchief in a poetical, sailorly, melancholy bow. He haunted the stage-door, and even the sight of the drunken old property-man had a fascination for him. The vanity of self-display consumed him as a fever. Should he ever live to wear curls, yellow boots, a sword, and come over a bridge, and talk as loud as Mr. Saddenbroken? Should he? He would! When a hobbledohy, he carried a banner on the stage of his native town. He saw the footlights, and felt their full flush of intoxication. What potent spirit—cognac, hascheesh, or aquafortis—half so inebriating as gas and the loud clapping of hands?

Peddieborough was a small place, and the mother soon heard of her son's terrible defection. When the lad came home the widow fell upon her knees and implored him, for the sake of his soul's salvation, to go no more near the sure road to the bottomless pit—a prayer that, despite its solemn earnestness, made the lad smile, as he thought of the theatre, the money-taker's box, and the flagged passage that led to the seats behind the orchestra. The next day Mrs. Hickson gave up the theatrical washing, and brought Mr. Purdle, a pious elder of the Separatist branch of the old Melchisedeks, who had made his fortune by



selling tea in ha'porths to the poor, to talk to the boy. Mr. Purdie assumed the tone of the Grand Master of the Order of Knight Templars in Scott's true fiction, when he interrogates Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, and, indeed, spoke to much the same effect, with a difference of grammar. The pious elder considered that his young brother was possessed of an evil spirit, and advised him to "wrestle." The odds were too heavy against poor Sam, who promised to drop the stage and stick to the bench; but he could not keep his word. He tried to get an engagement at the theatre, but his mother had been beforehand with him, and had seen the manager, who told him to go away for a fool. The lad planned out his apprenticeship honestly, worked one day as a journeyman, and then ran off to join Trappington's show.

Trappington's show was a theatrical booth that visited fairs and marts. There, for more than a year, did Sam help to erect the pole-and-canvas theatre, deliver bills, trim lamps, and act small parts. His personal appearance soon secured him the favour of the fair habitués of Trappington's; he rose at one bound from officers of guards and anonymous officials to lovers; and deep was the impression wrought by his black eyes and noble sentiments, curly hair, and mellow utterance, on the hearts of the milliners, dressmakers, and servant girls who deposited their threepences upon the drum at the door, for the sole purpose of gazing upon his manly form.

Sam was proud. He disliked parading on the platform in the daylight; neither did he relish the occasional privation of meat and beer; his stomach took unkindly to a diet of potatoes; and he was deeply indignant when asked to go out on a nocturnal expedition for the purpose of milking cows—the milkpail, for the nonce, being a Roman helmet. He left the show for a regular theatre, greatly to the disgust of Mr. Trappington, senior, who pronounced him a monster of ingratitude. For many years Sam was condemned to sigh in theatres rural, playing low-spirited lovers and those queer Counts who always come upon the stage to carry out the infernal designs of ducal villains.

It was during this period of his career, and in the trifling part of Florio, in "The Wife," that he captivated the heart of Mrs. Chambray, widow of Samuel Chambray, late licensed victualler and landlord of the Garrick's Head, in Brocklethorpe. Mrs. Chambray was older than the young actor, and had an income; her charms were matured, and she doated on her dark-eyed hero. They were married. Sam immediately became a manager and rose in his profession. Ultimately he was approved of by a London audience. It is almost impossible for any one man to possess every advantage, and Mr. Sebastian Hackman—for such was Sam Hickson's playbill name—was not happy with Mrs. Sebastian Hackman, who was jealous and fond of sherry. When the first Mrs. Hackman died Sebastian married Miss Laura Blare, of the Theatres Royal, and the two together went down to "star" at the new theatre in his native town; and old Mrs. Hickson, who was handsomely provided for by her "prodigal," though she would not see him act, went and dined with her son and her daughter-in-law at the hotel, and was much struck by the beauty and accomplishments of "Sam's wife."

Another sort of Tragedian is your Unapproachable Tragedian, who is a very respectable actor and a conscientious man, and is so proud of these two qualifications that he thinks the north-east wind takes a liberty in blowing upon him. He is the terror of prompters, dressers, and supernumeraries; and such a victim to his own vanity that, though a good-hearted, kind, and honourable man, his boorishness and want of decent manners—which he mistakes for external evidences of genius and superiority over the common herd—make him the laughing-stock, detestation, and contempt of all who know him.

Then there is your Absent Tragedian, who stalks through life in a poetical fog, the sort of artist who is constantly mistaking a sovereign for a shilling while incubating a new reading in his favourite part of Coriolanus. It is one of the myriad forms of tragedian vanity that call the creations of Shakespeare their favourite parts. Mr. Vanderdecken Stuningham advertises in the playbills that he will appear in his favourite character of Romeo. Stuningham was one of the Absent. When studying Claude Melnotte in the back garden, his son, little Marcus Brutus Stuningham, aged four, overbalanced himself and fell into the waterbutt. Stuningham looked down at the struggling child. He was just deciding whether, in the clasp of "honest men are the gentlemen of nature," he should emphasize the word *gentlemen* or *nature*, and as the theatrical affluence was upon him, it did not occur to him to put forth his arm and rescue his firstborn—that would have been the prompt and vulgar readiness of an ordinary mind. No, he walked steadily and deliberately into the kitchen, on the threshold of the parlour put his hand into his vest, walked slowly across the parlour, and called up stairs to his wife, in the well-accentuated tones of blank verse stage melancholy—

"Missus Stuningham!

"The boy—has fallen—into the wa-ter!"

The Drunken Tragedian is the lowest type of actor. He generally has considerable ability and a fine voice, and of these qualities he is not a little proud—as, indeed, he has need to be, for they are the only virtues he possesses. In time he wears out the patient goodness of the friends who have fed, clothed, lent him money, and hidden him from bailiffs—for it is one of those odd contradictions that we daily see exemplified that the thoroughly unworthy always attract attached friends—and becomes the hanger-on at a low pothouse, where he recites Mark Antony's oration, the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, and sings his celebrated song of "Little Kitty in the Waggon," with his famous imitations. Had the poor sodden wretch kept occasionally sober he might have earned £1000 a year, and been a respected man; but he preferred easy triumphs, tavern homage and pothouse plaudits, and discounted his life over the pewter counter of a ginshop.

The Tragedian of One Success is a singular and unfortunate specimen. After some provincial practice he obtained an appearance in London, secured an original part, and made an extraordinary sensation. The theatre at which he acted was filled every night, the press flattered him, and his lithographic portrait was stuck in every shop-window. He was asked to Belgravian balls and Grosvenor-square dinners. It was even whispered that a certain literary lioness of society was dying of love for him, and that the daughter of an Earl had signified to her noble parents her intention of marrying none but him. The poor fellow's head was turned, as well it might be. The new play had its run, and the new young actor appeared in a round of Shakespearean parts. Then it was discovered that his personal and vocal peculiarities were only suited to the character in which he had taken the town by storm. The boxes were deserted, the press abused him, the literary lioness transferred her attentions to the latest foreign patriot, and the faithless daughter of the Earl married a Colonel of the Guards. His creditors came upon him as one wolf, and he became a broken man.

The Consumptive Tragedian is a man possessed of a grand and melodious voice, that wears out his frame as an over-sharp sword wears out the scabbard, or as if the tone of an organ had taken up its abode in a viol. The magnificent swell had been too much for its frail tenements, and shattered it by its vibration.

In private life, tragedians are simple and single-minded; they know little of the real world around them; they draw their views of historical personages entirely from plays; and in politics side with that party which is the most picturesque of costume and flowery of speech. They are invariably married, and as invariably fathers of large families on whom they deat, and with whom they play. *Les extrêmes se touchent.* Ignorant of realities, unconscious of everything save through a gaudy-tinted medium, the father-actor and his child meet upon a level ground of fairy fiction and poetic fancy.

T. W. R.

#### POPULAR MUSIC.

Time was when music had power to soothe the savage breast; but now, it seems, the savage breast has power to soften music. Where are the old street bands—the drum and cymbals—the solo performers on the Kent bugle, who attended the marketing of the lower orders in populous thoroughfares every Saturday? What has become of

that discordant trio, the two clarionets and the trombone, who never failed to visit a certain round of public-houses every evening, and were always specially engaged, with an unlimited command of "refreshments," on the opening of a new butcher's or a new baker's? The very public-houses they attended have, in some cases, disappeared, or, by breaking out behind, over stable-yards and out-houses, have transformed themselves into "music-halls," such as our grandfathers never dreamed of. What has become of the blind drummer, whose touch was so refined, and who turned up the whites of his poor sightless eyes as he brought out a pathetic note on the mouth-organ? What has become of that slow-marching army of wretched fiddlers and fiddlers, whose tune was badly selected and worse played, and whose pace was exactly half a mile an hour? What has become of those brawny bagpipers in theatrical costume, whose Scotch was after the school of Stepeny-atte-Bowe, and whose instruments were never popular in England, Ireland, or Scotland? What has become of those small, oblong organs, the music of which was weak and the barrels of which were out of order, but which made up for these shortcomings by a few revolving dolls and a piece of looking-glass to reflect their movements? Have they followed the example usually set by defeated Ministers, and thrown themselves upon the country? This can hardly be, for the country is as advanced as the town, and almost every village has its trained band and its taste for operatic music. This was proved two or three years ago at the Crystal Palace, when the great brass-band contest took place; and we may verify it at any time by travelling through Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, Cumberland, and South Wales.

The fact is, a quarter of a century has slipped by almost before we are aware of it, and has left behind it a growing taste for higher and better-executed music. Many people have done their best to improve and cultivate this taste, and foremost amongst them have been Mr. Hullah, M. Musard, and M. Jullien. Street orchestras of wind instruments and German players with excellent soloists, and well-arranged selections from the principal operatic works, have taken the place in our West-end thoroughfares of less cultivated native performers. At the East-end, inferior combinations of German players have got possession of the public ear, and children are amused, or tap-room jollity is kept up, to the dance music of Strauss, or Lanner, or Labitzky. In the City, the diners in Change-alley and the neighbourhood were gratified for many years by a violinist of great taste and executive powers, now dead; and some little time ago the same "Italian band" was playing in the London streets which now forms a leading attraction at the Adelaide gallery Café.

There is no concealing the fact that the aristocracy have no longer any exclusive enjoyment of operas. The butcher-boy, who lingers at the area railings, is as familiar with "Ah! che la morte," and all its light and shade, as the young lady in the drawing-room. He cannot tell exactly where he learnt it; but he knows that he "picked it up;" and the improved street organs, it may be, are amongst his unrecognised teachers. There is no longer any priority of novelty for the "cream of the cream," and what the great operahouses only promise, the common saloons perform. Glück's "Alceste" and M. Gounod's "Faust" have been worn threadbare at two well-conducted popular establishments, while the last opera has only just gained a footing at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's Theatre.

The growth of these music-halls, and the entertainment which the best of them provide, are the most remarkable features in the history of musical progress and public amusements. It is not only in London that they are on the increase, but in nearly every important town of the United Kingdom. They vary in size, in the enterprise and success of their proprietors, and in the good taste of their different managements; but there they are. Four of the principal London establishments have had their buildings and fittings valued at one hundred thousand pounds, and there are more than a dozen others of minor importance. Liverpool, Birmingham, Glasgow, Manchester, Sheffield, and Dublin possess about six of these large halls each; and, without counting a number of small places in small towns, there must be at least a hundred and twenty throughout the country, representing a capital of more than a million sterling. In money value they have now exceeded the theatres, and the time cannot be far distant when they must be licensed for dramatic entertainments.

What many of the best-conducted of these music-halls have done to popularise good music can hardly be calculated, though it may be guessed at by the wide circulation of operatic airs. Verdi's melodies are in the mouths of people who can hardly pronounce his name, learnt in most cases from the "selections" performed at these establishments. Most of these halls are very profitable speculations, and they bid high for any performer likely to prove attractive. Some of these performers are deserters from dramatic ranks, and some theatres are even inclined to desert with them. The proprietor of a large East-end playhouse often regrets that he built a theatre instead of a music-hall, and the new Pavilion Theatre, in the Whitechapel-road, is occasionally converted into an Italian and English opera-house.

It is not pretended that all these music-halls are devoted to high art, or devoted to it to a degree that becomes offensively instructive. Their proprietors are too wise to set up as mere schoolmasters. They provide amusement for their patrons, and so secure profit for themselves, and the worst parts of their entertainment show an immense advance upon the old "free-and-easies" and "harmonic-meetings."

#### IN MEMORIAM.

BY CHARLES DICKENS, IN "THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE."

It has been desired by some of the personal friends of the great English writer who established this magazine that its brief record of his having been stricken from among men should be written by the old comrade and brother in arms who pens these lines, and of whom he often wrote himself, and always with the warmest generosity.

I saw him first nearly twenty-eight years ago, when he proposed to become the illustrator of my earliest book. I saw him last shortly before Christmas, at the Athenæum Club, when he told me that he had been in bed three days—that after these attacks he was troubled with cold shiverings, "which quite took the power of work out of him"—and that he had it in his mind to try a new remedy which he laughingly described. He was very cheerful, and looked very bright. In the night of that day week he died.

The long interval between those two periods is marked in my remembrance of him by many occasions when he was supremely humorous, when he was irresistibly extravagant, when he was softened and serious, when he was charming with children. But by none do I recall him more tenderly than by two or three that start out of the crowd, when he unexpectedly presented himself in my room, announcing how that some passage in a certain book had made him cry yesterday, and how that he had come to dinner, "because he couldn't help it," and must talk such passage over. No one can ever have seen him more genial, natural, cordial, fresh, and honestly impulsive than I have seen him at those times. No one can be surer than I of the greatness and the goodness of the heart that then disclosed itself.

We had our differences of opinion. I thought that he too much feigned a want of earnestness, and that he made a pretence of undervaluing his art, which was not good for the art that he held in trust. But when we fell upon these topics it was never very gravely, and I have a lively image of him in my mind, twisting both his hands in his hair, and stamping about, laughing, to make an end of the discussion.

When we were associated in remembrance of the late Mr. Douglas Jerrold he delivered a public lecture in London, in the course of which he read his very best contribution to *Punch*, describing the grown-up cares of a poor family of young children. No one hearing him could have doubted his natural gentleness or his thoroughly unaffected manly sympathy with the weak and lowly. He read the paper most pathetically, and with a simplicity of tenderness that certainly moved one of his audience to tears. This was presently after his standing for Oxford, from which place he had dispatched

his agent to me, with a droll note (to which he afterwards added a verbal postscript), urging me to "come down and make a speech, and tell them who he was, for he doubted whether more than two of the electors had ever heard of him, and he thought there might be as many as six or eight who had heard of me." He introduced the lecture just mentioned, with a reference to his latelecturing failure, which was full of good sense, good spirits, and good humor.

He had a particular delight in boys, and an excellent way with them. I remember his once asking me with fantastical gravity, when he had been to Eton where my eldest son then was, whether I felt as he did in regard of never seeing a boy without wanting instantly to give him a sovereign? I thought of this when I looked down into his grave, after he was laid there, for I looked down into it over the shoulder of a boy to whom he had been kind.

These are slight remembrances; but it is to little familiar things suggestive of the voice, look, manner, never, never more to be encountered on this earth, that the mind first turns in a bereavement. And greater things that are known of him, in the way of his warm affections, his quiet endurance, his unselfish thoughtfulness for others, and his munificent hand, may not be told.

If, in the reckless vivacity of his youth, his satirical pen had ever gone astray or done amiss, he had caused it to prefer its own petition for forgiveness long before:—

I've writ the foolish fancy of his brain;

The aimless jest that, striking, hath caused pain;

The idle word that he'd wish back again.

In no pages should I take it upon myself at this time to dis-course of his books, of his refined knowledge of character, of his subtle acquaintance with the weaknesses of human nature, of his delightful playfulness as an essayist, of his quaint and touching ballads, of his mastery over the English language. Least of all, in these pages, enriched by his brilliant qualities from the first of the series, and beforehand accepted by the public through the strength of his great name.

But, on the table before me, there lies all that he had written of his latest and last story. That it would be very sad to any one—that it is inexpressible so to a writer—in its evidences of matured designs never to be accomplished, of intentions begun to be executed and destined never to be completed, of careful preparation for long roads of thought that he was never to traverse, and for shining goals that he was never to reach, will be readily believed. The pain, however, that I have felt in perusing it has not been deeper than the conviction that he was in the healthiest vigour of his powers when he wrought on this last labour. In respect of earnest feeling, far-seeing purpose, character, incident, and a certain loving picturesqueness blending the whole, I believe it to be much the best of all his works. That he fully meant it to be so, that he had become strongly attached to it, and that he bestowed great pains upon it, I trace in almost every page. It contains one picture which must have cost him extreme distress, and which is a masterpiece. There are two children in it, touched with a hand as loving and tender as ever a father caressed his little child with. There is some young love, as pure and innocent and pretty as the truth. And it is very remarkable that, by reason of the singular construction of the story, more than one main incident usually belonging to the end of such a fiction is anticipated in the beginning, and thus there is an approach to completeness in the fragment, as to the satisfaction of the reader's mind concerning the most interesting persons, which could hardly have been better attained if the writer's breaking off had been foreseen.

The last line he wrote, and the last proof he corrected, are among these papers through which I have so sorrowfully made my way. The condition of the little pages of manuscript where Death stopped his hand, shows that he had carried them about, and often taken them out of his pocket here and there, for patient revision and interlineation. The last words he corrected in print were, "And my heart throbbed with an exquisite bliss." God grant that on that Christmas Eve, when he laid his head back on his pillow and threw up his arms as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his own heart so to throb, when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest!

He was found peacefully lying as above described, composed, undisturbed, and to all appearance asleep, on the 24th of December, 1863. He was only in his fifty-third year; so young a man, that the mother who blessed him in his first sleep blessed him in his last. Twenty years before, he had written, after being in a white squall:

And when, its force expended,  
The harmless storm was ended,  
And, as the sunrise splendid  
Came blushing o'er the sea:  
I thought, as day was breaking,  
My little girls were waking,  
And smiling, and making  
A prayer at home for me.

Those little girls had grown to be women when the mournful day broke that saw their father lying dead. In those twenty years of companionship with him they had learned much from him; and one of them has a literary course before her worthy of her famous name.

On the bright wintry day, the last but one of the old year, he was laid in his grave at Kensal Green, there to mingle the dust to which the mortal part of him had returned, with that of a third child, lost in her infancy, years ago. The heads of a great concourse of his fellow-workers in the arts were bowed around his tomb.

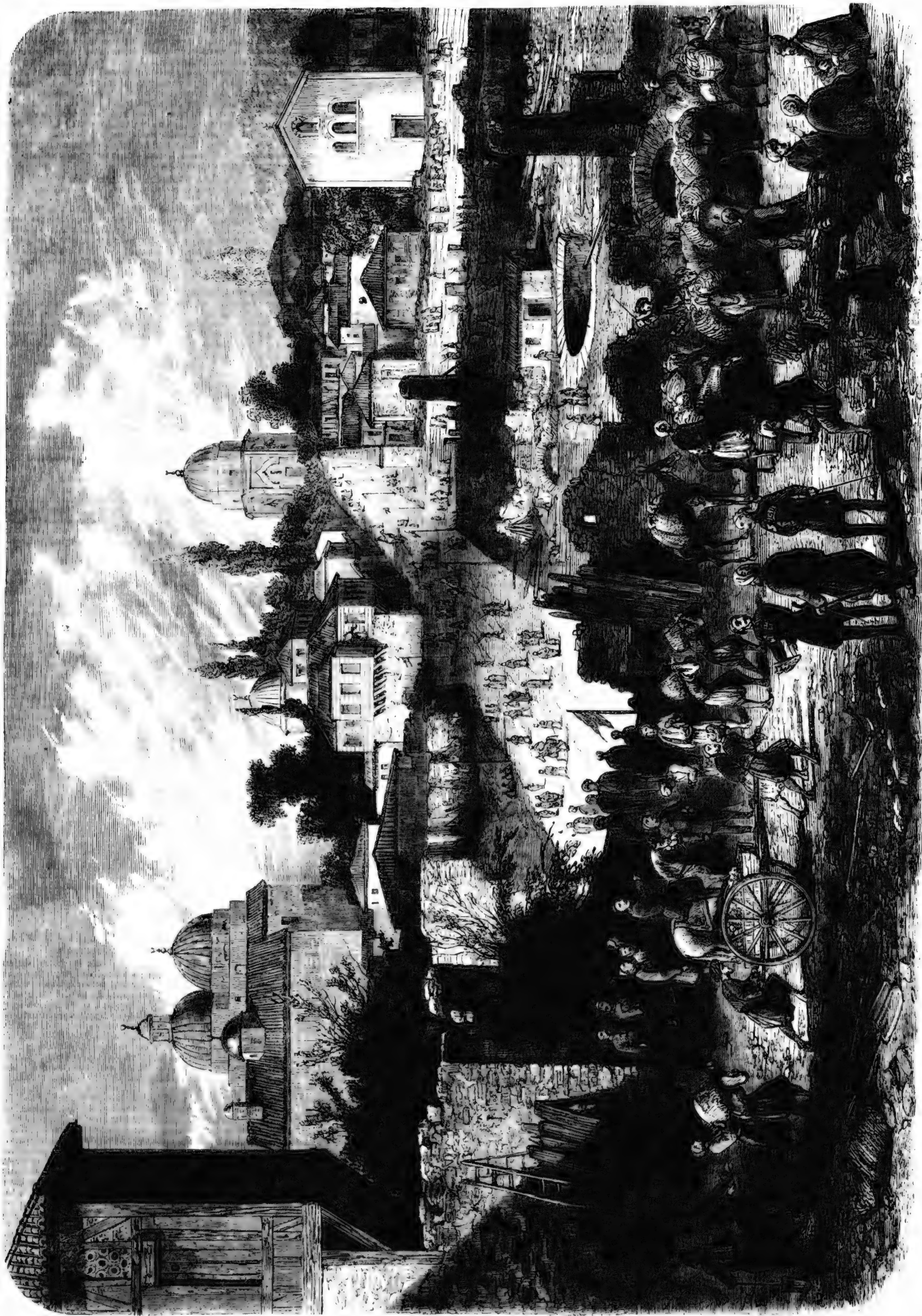
#### THE HOURS A.M. AND P.M. IN LONDON.

2 A.M.—SITTING UP FOR MISTRESS.

It is dreadful! It is terrible! Much, of course, depends on whose account the ordeal is to be borne, and what the occasion; but, whether it be a case of master and servant, wife and husband, sister and brother, or, as will sometimes happen, brother and sister (poor Jack being denied the latchkey, and so anxious to accept the invitation of the junior partner at his place to a quiet little supper-party), it is a temper test of the severest order, and the individual capable of enduring it unscathed—of responding to your modest appeal to the knocker with alacrity, and with a countenance expressive of satisfaction and welcome on your *own* account—may be classed among the happiest of mortals, inasmuch as "virtue is its own reward," patience the chief of virtues, and "sitting up" the same of patience.

Where is he or she (it had better be "she," "he" has no chance—it is utterly impossible) to be found? What age and country were ever graced by the angel incarnate on whose monumental stone might be truthfully inscribed the miraculous legend, "She sat up uncomplaining!" Who knows? She may exist among us at this very time! Even as these words are penned (twenty minutes to two a.m., and with the rain pattering against the black windows) she may be sitting, merry as a cricket, by the rosy fire, anxious only that the slippers on the rug are warm as crumpets and that the pretty little supper, ready since ten o'clock, may be yet eatable, and that dear Charley—the silly goose to allow his good nature so to interfere with his domestic comfort!—may be able to borrow an umbrella. Is she to be found? If so, is she not worth seeking? Worthy ladies and gentlemen form committees and societies for the encouragement of domestic virtue. The Dunmow wife, who can live at peace with her lord, eschewing broils, may in the end win a crown of bacon; the agricultural labourer, gleaming nine shillings a week from a fat farm, and therewith, by sleight of belly-pinching, into which his landlord and the poor-law guardians feel that it would be indelicate to inquire, maintains a large family and pays his rent, may, on application and the production of the necessary documents, have his old age glorified by the gift of a new smock-frock and a beaver hat. There is the Rince Charity, in St. George's-in-the-East, which endows young women who, despite a charity-school education, have remained "strictly virtuous" till their marriage-day with £100; there is—or there may be one of these days—the asylum for indigent maiden ladies. Why not institute a prize for the special domestic virtue the subject of this paper? What shape





REBUILDING OF THE CITY OF BROUSSA, ASIA MINOR.





TWO O'CLOCK A.M.: SITTING UP FOR MISTRESS.

should the prize take? Not that of money; for, although the possession of the "necessary evil" implies, in vulgar parlance, undoubted wide-awakefulness, it is by no means incompatible with selfishness, and is therefore an unfit symbol of the virtue in question. Shall the prize take the form of a wreath?—a wreath in frosted silver, with diamond eyes? No; for, although that wary animal is never caught asleep, his most enthusiastic admirers have never yet attempted to show that his vigilance arises from benevolence, or that his actions were not as open as his eyes to the serious objections of cruelty and bloodthirstiness. Shall it be a sashette, in precious metal, of a Yankee, a Yorkshireman, a London publisher? Worse and worse. It had best be left to the gentlemen of the committee to decide. Something appropriate in the metal way might be hit on, perhaps—a golden medal bearing on one side the picture of a lark in the high heavens on a summer's morning, and on the other a tall, lovely, and constant harpast mon.

Much discrimination must be used in the selection of recipients of the



**TWO O'CLOCK P.M.: THE PENNY STEAM-BOAT.**

her, *hodie* there? Conkret is a blessed possession, and, taken as a gift, is no unknow/ledge; but when we come to know that it only accrues to us as a sort of interest on some superior treasure which we all along were owners of but knew it not, then it is only human to look about us and see if it may not be put out to better advantage. That "virtus is its own reward" is an aphorism not likely to die while hypocrisy lives. Still, it is an inextinguishable sort of reward; we cannot show it—cannot ring it, and jingle it, and get convenient small change for it, and invest it in more virtue, and so double and treble our capital. Carrying out this view, how the good little woman, hitherto so innocently patient and self-damning, might ring, and jingle, and perform what is popularly known as "Mag's diversion" with that gold medal when once she got hold of it! True, she might continue a lamb of patience and endurance; but it would now be as a prize lamb—a lamb with a certificate of merit, and one whose value is not to be estimated by ordinary and gross calculations of mere fleece and flesh. At the same time, she has no more objection than of old to be sacrificed at the altar of labor.

hours and fastidious, and welcomed the high priest, Flimsy Prefest, (poisoned by her husband), who, at two a.m. arrives, with the beesteeling smirk of a policeman at a kitchen door, tenderly solicitous, and with words as sweet as treacle, and as thick and cloying in their flow. She welcomes him without a gesture of impatience or a hint of complaining, fortified in her agony by the tallman with which the committee presented her, and which she consistently wears attached to her watch, and, with eyes filled with tears and sad though sweet resignation, she points at the evidences of her devotion (the medal, mind you, not the watch-dial), and bids him complete his cruel work; nay, she implores him not to delay her slaughter—not to drain her life-blood drop by drop, but to slay her there and then! If you are a man, however (and remember, for such she took you when she accepted your hand and name, and has continued so to regard you until at least a very recent period), you will do nothing of the kind. You will attach her tears with a new shawl, and promise never—never to remain still after her at night, should you live to be ninety. And how are how you



break the promise. Don't regard the shawl as capital that may be drawn on. True, it was a splendid article, and very large; but the grief it was intended to assuage was very heavy, so, as a stancher of future tears, it is quite unavailable, having, figuratively speaking, not a dry thread in it. So surely as you do again commit yourself will she once more commune with her medal, will sit sweetly regarding it until the fire goes out, shaking her head over it till her hairpins give way, weeping pensively over it till her eyes are rimmed with red, dreaming over it till she is full of yawns, and gapes, and all manner of sleepiness, and so she will open the door.

One thing, however, remains tolerably certain. Should the society above hinted at ever be inaugurated, it won't cost much for medals. The labour of searching will be prodigious; the result ridiculous. "Great cry and little wool," the proportion being the thunder and brazen clangour of Messrs. Moses's tailoring advertisements, and the thimbleful of wool to be found in a pair of their seventeen and sixpenny unmentionables. It cannot be done. By nature the human animal is not a "sitting-up" animal—that is to say, not a solitary sinner-up, content to abide the pleasure of the absent one for release. In thought, in heart, in every fibre of his bodily tissue, he revolts against it. Till twelve o'clock the ordeal may be borne, if not with cheerfulness at least with calm dignity; nay, the vigil may extend to one o'clock, with no great damage to temper and constitution. It is at that when the torture begins;—when everything tells of midnight; when so weak a term as "ticking" becomes ridiculously inapplicable to the hollow and undertakerish rapping so unceasingly emitted by the timepiece pendulum; when the fire faints unreasonably and evinces a morbid inclination to be smothered rather than revive, and requires to be tenderly fed with "nobbles," as an invalid is fed with brandy and egg, to consent to remain in life at all; when "smutless candles" belie their patentee, and sport mulberry wicks and harbour thieves; when your eyes disdain the thankless task of conveying the printed words of the novel to your headless brain, and set about cementing their lids so closely that it is pain and smart to attempt to part them; when you begin to be afflicted by extraordinary itchings; when you yawn and gape till the hinges of your jaws ache; when you get the creeps; when you drop off dead beat into a sleep impregnable to such mild influences as door-bells and knockers, and the fumes of expiring candles, let alone the gentle footfall of the returned one, who just looks in to find the reason why.

2 P.M.—ON BOARD CITIZEN B.

As a promoter of brotherly love and kindly regard, and general jolly good-fellowship, there is nothing like water. The poet who penned that sweet and universally accepted line, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," no doubt had water in his eye as he wrote. By "nature," he meant the aqueous element. It may be objected that Shakespeare claims the homage of the "whole world" for his panacea, and that at this point the water theory breaks down, inasmuch as regards a large proportion of the world's inhabitants there exists such a horror of the "nature" in question that were they not only "touched" with it, but drenched with it—soused in it—scrubbed with it till they were nearly clean and totally wretched, they would exhibit towards the operators no more goodwill than before; probably less, indeed; but the objectors might be met by the suggestion, that the sentiment was penned for Britons—for the inhabitants of the "world" in which the poet lived, and with whose hearts' desires he was so familiar.

Anyhow, if this is not a true rendering of the poet's meaning, it will might be. Blood even is not so potent as water. It may be "thicker," but, as a cement for broken brotherhood, is not for a moment to be compared with simple aqua; for, while blood is a stickler for caste and degree, and so prompt to spill (alack for its empty pitcher!) that the common herd may view and judge of its quality, water not more infallibly finds its own level than it levels such of mankind as trust themselves to its jurisdiction. It may be proved in a dozen cases, great and small. In the case of the sea, for instance. You have but to touch the hem of its garment, even the faggest hem, such as the beach at Brighton or Hastings, and you are straight translated from your former self as completely as though you had grasped the tail of an electric eel. You discover that it is all a mistake about Britannia ruling the waves; it is the waves that rule Britannia. Your birthright of freedom—of freedom to dress as you please, eat what you please, and go where you please—no longer avails you. Born in the interior, the sea knows you not, but, having entered her dominions, you must do as the rest of the sea subjects. There is no seat for pomp by the side of the sea, and vanity dare not stretch its wings beyond the drawing-room windows of the lodging-houses. No matter the term for which you enlist in the service of the sea, you must serve beneath her banner faithfully. It is a brown banner, broad and ample, but as plainly brown as a Quaker's coat. Its shadow clothes you. It stirs the air and imparts to it the balminess and fragrance which the cinnamon stick imparts to the bowl of healing cordial, and as you quaff it you are comforted. There is nothing on earth so nice. Every one you meet says so, from their eyes, at least, some being new to it, and twinklingly intoxicated, eager as trout on a rainy day, and rapturous as early sweethearts; others grown used to it, humbly contented as honey-bees, and beaming with brown beneficence to the very roots of their hair.

You are all alike, all browly cheerful and sedately happy; all with warm hearts and none with cold shoulders. "But," says the reader, "it is possible to have too much of the brown banner; there are times—times of dead calm, when it doesn't stir the air in the least, but hangs dull and wooden as its own staff." Dead calm, indeed! Sleep is dead calm; so is snow covering the wheatfield; so is sunset, and a hundred other things, which go to make the ever new to-morrow. Dull! Eve, advised of a worldly sensation from which she was debarred, found the Garden of Eden dull. There came a season, however, when she would have mightily rejoiced to have got back again, as you, my friend, will rejoice to get back to the humdrum brown banner, come the sultry autumn time.

On the sea, even more than by the side of it, is the influence of the Leveller felt. On land there are grades of sickness; there is "rich man's" gout and "poor man's" gout; and often, for want of a guinea, a life is hampered by a heartload of pain; but sickness born of the sea is of but one quality—between the man in clouted boots prostrate in the steerage, to the state cabin inhabitant burying his unhappy nose in the softness of the dainty couch cushion, there is at most but the difference of a twopenny pannikin.

A great ship setting out to sea reckons, say, five hundred lives aboard, the cabin-boy counting one and the commander one—not one and a quarter; no, nor a sixteenth; though, come to share the prize-money, he is lumping weight against any twenty men in the ship. He is great, and his greatness continues by grace of the ship. He is great, and there is an end to the voyage; but should the sea awake, and, donning its foamy crown, take the command out of the commander's hands, then blue serge is on a par with scarlet and gold lace; and no wave of the great sea's army will be so polite as it sweeps the troubled deck as to avoid scarlet and gold that it may chase blue serge to death. Should the wrecked ship go down, than the dead level to which the cabin-boy, and the commander, and Pompey the cook will fall it is impossible to imagine anything deader.

From the Atlantic to the Thames, from H.M.S. Vengeance, Commander Ajax, to Citizen B, Captain W. Blinker, and we are aboard the Chelsea boat pictured in our Engraving. Citizen B starts from London Bridge and calls at all the piers up the river. It has called at Temple Pier and taken up the clerkly young gentleman with the blue bag and the third volume of the last sensation novel. I wonder who the heroine is? Is it a she wolf in shape of a countess, according to the prevailing fashion, or is she a garret-angel—a human sewing-machine—stitching herself into an early grave at the rate of threepence-halfpenny a day? If so, he cannot do better than put aside his stupid book and look about him. There, in the flesh, sits the heroine whom he so passionately adores in print's type. True, she has not yet arrived at that interesting stage when, "by the hectic roses on her cheek and the light of brighter worlds in her eye, insidious disease marks her for its own," so graphically

described at page 430; but she is none the less eligible to become his heart's idol on that account. Just speak to her, and you'll find with what a sweet, bewitching voice she will answer; or, if you are bashful, as is likely, or cautious—which, being in the "legal" line, is still more likely—just for a moment cast your eyes from your book—pretending to read all the time—and observe with what tenderness she contemplates that penny bunch of violets in the flower-girl's basket. Think of the bliss, when you had married her, and made her happy, and given her, instead of violets to smell, roses to wear all the year round; think of the pleasure of having such a pair of eyes to lovingly greet you when you returned at eve from your musty office in Pump-court; think of —. But the young fellow thinks of nothing of the kind. He gets out at Westminster, and leaves the little needlewoman to cross over to Lambeth—which completes her penny ride—anxiously debating within her own mind whether she shall buy the violets and walk back to London Bridge. Confound that young fellow's sensation novel! But for that, the genius of jolly good-fellowship, as represented by the river, might have induced him to have treated the poor little maid to a ride all the way to Kew and bought her a bunch of flowers into the bargain.

You see the genius in question has prevailed with every other soul on board Citizen B. The coalheaver is engaged in friendly discourse with one who but a quarter of an hour ago was a stranger. The young gentleman with the puppy-dog hair and the young lady with the blue parasol are discussing the dimensions of the "platform" at Cremorne, whither they are bound. Even the man at the wheel looks as though he was quite ready to set the laws of his country at defiance, and to "speak" to any one bold enough to begin a conversation. There remains but the foreigner and the happy carpenter. Ignorance of the language of those about him is the sole and simple reason why the French gentleman is companionless; but observe how eloquent are his spectacles!

But the happy carpenter, he, too, is companionless. Is he! he! he! that's all you know about it! His wife is downstairs in the cabin. They are going to Kew. It ain't often he loses half a day, but when he does he likes to enjoy himself. Staying down in that stuffy cabin isn't enjoyment. Stay! "What do you say, Tomkins? (Tomkins is at this end of the boat; his wife is down in the stuffy cabin along with the happy carpenter's wife). Fresh breeze up here, my boy; blow some of the sawdust out of a fellow. Jerusalem, Tomkins! there's a pair of balmorals!" J. G.

### THE REBUILDING OF BROUSSA.

BROUSSA, considered the third town of the Ottoman empire, is one of the finest and most important of Asia Minor. This town, which has been destroyed and rebuilt several times, rises majestically at the entrance of a vast plain, watered by streams of fresh water, at the foot of Mount Olympus. According to Pliny, it was founded by Hannibal during his stay with Prusias, King of Bithynia; later it followed the destiny of Mithridates, and Lucullus imposed on it the yoke of the Romans. Having come into the possession of the Emperors of Constantinople, Seifeddewlet (sword of the empire), a celebrated Prince of the family of Hamadan, made himself master of it, after a siege of one year, and razed its walls to the ground. Retaken by the Byzantines, it was surrounded by walls again, and became later the capital and residence of the Ottoman sovereigns, when it was captured once more in 1326 A.D., after a siege of ten years, by Orkan, who was buried with its precincts.

At the present time, Broussa, ruined by earthquakes, fires, and by government carelessness, rises again from its ashes. The streets are covered with workmen, every part is in process of embellishment, and the town will soon become an elegant and well-built city. The Imperial Commissioner, Ahmed-Velik is the magician who has caused this transformation. Two new streets traversing the town are being opened in the centre of the principal parts; and a telegraphic line is about to open communication with the capital; while squares are being formed, fountains made, and every part is being improved. Besides accomplishing material changes in Broussa, his Excellency Ahmed-Velik wishes much to have a hand in another important work now in progress—namely, the publication of a collection of the historical monuments of the Ottoman empire, both architectural and decorative. A main and not the least interesting part of the work will consist in the publicity given to the treasures of the ceramic art of the country, the originality of the designs of which, and the richness of their colours, rival what is most curious in the style and ornaments of the Alhambra, which are so generally admired.

### OPERA AND CONCERTS.

CHRISTMAS entertainments are so exclusively monopolised by Harlequin and Clown that at this season music is almost entirely neglected. Accordingly, since the beginning of the year, there has been nothing but an occasional unimportant benefit concert to break the monotony of pantomime. The exception, a solitary performance given by the Sacred Harmonic Society, only proves the rule. The oratorio was "The Creation," and as the solo parts were sung to perfection by Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington—vice Mme. Parepa, indisposed—Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, there is nothing to be said about the performance, unless it be to remark that the shortest, brightest, and most secular of sacred oratorios, seemed to be even shorter, brisker, and more operative than usual, thanks to Signor Costa's expeditious conducting.

The torpid musical world of London has this week given some signs of returning animation. A second English Opera-house has been opened; but, as the only work which has been performed as yet, and the only work announced for representation, is "Faust," it is not unfair to assume that the production of the most popular opera of the day is the sole object of the venture. It is, fortunately, a work which, well performed, we cannot hear too often; and the present representation is, taken all in all, the best which has yet been given in England. In the first place, the orchestra and chorus—the most important requisites in a faultless performance—are exceedingly efficient. The overture and all the fascinating accompaniments, which in M. Gounod's works are as eloquent as the vocal parts, were executed with very remarkable delicacy on the opening night of the series, while the chorus singers, though less uniformly perfect than the instrumentalists, were above reproach in the strophe of the old men and in the short but very impressive phrase that is sung over the body of the dying Valentin.

The three chief vocalists could scarcely be equalled in any other theatre in the world. Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, although a mere novice on a stage, has again displayed qualities which, with due training, may raise her to a very high rank among dramatic singers. It will be remembered how Mme. Lemmens took the town by storm by her very clever impersonation of Maid Marian in Mr. Macfarren's "Robin Hood," her intense earnestness standing her in such good stead as largely to atone for her deficiency in stage experience. In her presentment of Goethe's Margaret we find the same intelligence evinced. In the earlier scenes she portrays to a wish the gentle German girl, simple and confiding, but with just enough dreamy sentimentalism in her nature to render her a victim to the subtle poison which Mephistopheles evokes from the flowers to intoxicate her senses and to steal away her innocence. Of Mme. Lemmens's singing it is almost superfluous to speak, for the music of Gretchen is precisely suited to her voice and style. If a fault can be laid to the fair singer's charge it is a slight tendency to drag the time, and she will, doubtless, in a few days, have acquired the confidence to throw the required passion into the concluding scenes. The jewel-song, which Mme. Lemmens was the first to introduce into our concert-rooms, has never been so well sung upon the stage in England as it now is. Mme. Lancia sings the music of Siebel, for the first time in England, as it is written; but her voice, owing, possibly, to nervousness, does not "tell" in the large area of Her Majesty's Theatre, and she still has to learn to walk the stage with confidence. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Santley have both played on many occasions the parts which they now sustain. The only difference is that they now sing in English instead of Italian, and this task is

rendered more easy to them, inasmuch as they make very serious alterations in the text. Mr. Reeves, indeed, sings an entirely different version from that which appears in the libretto; and Mr. Santley also makes very considerable modifications in the text of his most important scene. With every wish to sympathise with Mr. Chorley in his constant and persevering defence of M. Gounod, we cannot at all compliment him upon the manner in which he has rendered the text of "Faust."

Recognising to the full the extreme difficulty of his task, we still think he should not have given to the world a version so obviously ill adapted for singing that each vocalist finds it necessary to re-write his part. Signor Marchesi, like Mr. Reeves and Mr. Santley, has sung in the Italian version, but he has greater difficulty to encounter in his want of acquaintance with the English language. As he was evidently unable to give effect to his own conception of the character on the first night of performance, we shall reserve the expression of any opinion upon his assumption of the part of Mephistopheles until we have seen a repetition of the performance.

The Musical Society gave the first concert of this their sixth season on Wednesday last. The programme presented many points of interest. In the first place, the three overtures performed had each some special feature. That to Coriolanus is simply the sublimest dramatic prelude ever yet written; that to Struensee is the most perfect which the composer of "Robert" and "Les Huguenots" has yet given to the world; while about that to "Le Médecin malgré lui," all the interest attaching to the most promising man of our time clusters thickly. On a first hearing it does not impress the listener very forcibly. It has two separate introductory movements, the first of which, an evident imitation of the style in vogue in Molière's time, in an abbreviated form and in another key, brings the overture to a conclusion. The chief themes are not distinctly marked; but the overture, as a whole, is piquant and engaging. Miss Agnes Zimmerman, a very promising pupil of the Royal Academy, gained golden opinions by her steady and musician-like performance of Mozart's Concerto in D minor; and the solo vocalists were Mme. Parepa and Mr. Santley. The symphony was "The Power of Sound," the execution of which was greatly to the credit of the splendid band and of their talented conductor, Mr. Alfred Mellon.

The Monday Popular Concerts have recommenced, and the evening of Monday, the 1st of February, being the next meeting after the 108th anniversary of Mozart's birth, is to be exclusively devoted to the works of that gifted composer. Of this in our next.

### ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

BRIGHTON.—There is likely to be a keen contest in this borough. A meeting of the electors, on Monday, approved the candidature of Mr. Dumas, and Mr. Oway has retired. Mr. H. Fawcett and Julian Goldsmid are, however, still in the field as Liberal candidates; and there is a rumour that Mr. Stuart Wortley will be brought forward on the Conservative side.

WINCHESTER.—Sir John Buller East has intimated his intention of resigning his seat for Winchester. Both political parties are on the alert, and amongst the names mentioned as probable candidates are those of Sir C. Rawlinson, T. W. Fleming, Esq., and M. Portal, Esq.

DURHAM.—As successor to the late Sir W. Atherton, the name of Mr. J. Henderson, of Leazes House, has been mentioned in the Liberal interest, and should he consent to be put in nomination, his return is considered a certainty. The Conservatives, it is said, are not likely to risk the chances of a contest in the present position of parties in the city.

THE ADDRESS IN ANSWER TO THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE, on the opening of Parliament next week, will be moved by Lord Richard Grosvenor, M.P. for Flintshire, and seconded by Mr. Goschen, M.P. for London.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has printed for private circulation a copy of a papyrus which was discovered during his late visit to Thebes. The Egyptian document is older than the time of Pericles, yet it belongs to a period marked by the decline of Pharaonic art.

VICTOR HUGO has a new work in the press upon Shakespeare. It is to appear towards the end of February, just before the three hundredth anniversary of the great poet's birthday, which it is intended to commemorate. The book is to be dedicated to England, as the country in which the great French exile has established his home for so many years.

SEVERAL LEADEN COFFINS AND ROMAN URNS, containing human skeletons and burnt bones, have been discovered in excavating the high-level metropolitan sewer at East Ham, Essex, indicating the existence of a Roman cemetery on the spot, which is about three miles from the ancient Roman intrenchment at Uppah, Hford.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE CONDUCT OF SURGEON TURNBULL, of the Inniskillings, in reference to the treatment of Sergeant-Major Lilley and the Crawley court-martial, has been held at Chatham, the result being that Dr. Turnbull is perfectly cleared from all dishonourable conduct, though considered to have acted in some respects imprudently.

DASTARDLY ASSAULT AND ATTEMPTED ROBBERY.—A couple of ruffians nearly murdered an elderly woman in Camberwell on Monday evening. They knocked at the door of her house, and asked to see the apartments which she had to let. She showed them the rooms, which they said they would take. As she was opening the door to let the men out she found that one of them had his hand in her pocket. She called out, but was immediately felled to the ground by a blow on the head with a life-preserver. The men got away. The poor woman is not likely to recover.

TOWNLEY'S CASE.—Sir George Grey having demanded explanations from the justices of the peace who signed the certificates of insanity in the case of George Victor Townley, the replies of those gentlemen have now been published. Two of them state that they were invited to act in the matter by Townley's solicitor, who first informed them of the existence of the statute in question, and of the powers which it might be made to convey. A third says nothing on this point. The fourth says that the application reached him, not from the prisoner's solicitor, but from the surgeon to the gaol, though when he attended at the surgeon's house, by appointment, he found there not that officer, but "the prisoner's attorney." They profess that they acted with conscientiousness and purity of motive, but the charge of prepossession they appear tacitly to accept. With regard to their own appreciation of the act they were performing, three of them perfectly understood what they were about; but the fourth, and the only one, it seems, who had not previously pronounced the prisoner to be insane, represents himself as unaware of the obligation which his certificate would impose upon the Minister. He had signed it "in the belief that he was merely certifying his own conviction of the insanity of Townley."

HORSE-RACING IN EGYPT.—The Cairo races, established by the present Viceroy, were run for the first time on the 5th instant, on the desert near the Abassels, distant about three miles from the city. The course was an oval of two miles in length by half a mile in width; the ground was hard sand mixed with pebbles, and was broken by transverse ruts formed by the rain—on the whole, tolerable ground, and not too deep. The second race, for horses of all nations, catch weights, was five miles, for £300, and £100 to the second. Four English horses ran, but were beaten without a struggle by an Arab horse of the Obeyan breed, who, however, lost the race by his rider dismounting at the third mile, which permitted a chestnut mare of Ali Pacha's to come in first, the Obeyan recovering the second place. The English horses greatly discredited themselves, and it is a pity that "Companion," who has hitherto won all his races, did not run, as he would almost certainly have maintained our precedence. The race was run in fifteen minutes. Altogether it was a great success; the weather was beautiful—a bright sun, tempered by a fresh breeze; the arrangements excellent. A kick was erected for the Viceroy, and a grand stand for the Europeans; a buffet was provided of twenty-five tables, each of six covers, besides the private table for his Highness and his guests, all at the Viceroy's expense. At the conclusion of the day a purse of £100 was run for by the Bashî Bazarî cavalry, who dashed off in a dense cloud, forming a very pretty and animating spectacle. Among the Viceroy's guests were Count Degenfeld, Austrian Minister for War; Sir Charles MacCarthy, Governor of Ceylon; Count Bariatinski, Count Nobili, and several of the Consuls-General. It is to be hoped that the English will endeavour to retrieve their name at the next meeting, to be held in May, at Alexandria, for it cannot be doubted that a good English horse will have no difficulty in beating Arabs at any distance. The horses which ran on the 5th were Blazaway, Young Syntax, Tadcaster, and Engraver's Daughter; none passed the post. It was pleasing, and at the same time unexpected by the Viceroy himself, to see the intense interest displayed in these races by the natives, as it was thought that, besides the Princes and some of the high officers, no one but the Europeans would have cared for them.

SAMUEL ROGERS AND THE CLEVER WOMEN.—"Rogers had Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast with him, one morning—only those two. Both excessively talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three-quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on Mrs. Procter, and, pointing to the brilliant discusser with his poor old finger, said (indignantly) 'Who is she?' Upon this Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered (it is her own story) a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, and enlightened him in her happiest and aliest manner; all of which he heard, staring in the dearest silence, and then said (indignantly as before), 'And who are you?'—"Washington Irving's Life."



BANKRUPTS.—A. MACKAY, Chatham, staff assistant surgeon.  
W. B. MARSH, Oxford, W. H. MAY, Water-ace, Great Tower-  
street, Birmingham. R. OOST, Old Gloucester-street, London,  
attorney—S. STACE, Jan, East gate, Blacksmith—J. E. HAL-  
Union-street, New North-road, Islington, engineering draughtsman.  
C. MANN, Barnard's-inn, Mid-lexe—F. W. DWARRIS, Tyer-  
street, Lambeth—T. C. FOWLING, Great-street, Paddington green,  
London, painter—J. G. GIBSON, 60, Abchurch-lane, London,  
Steyney, beer-tailer—J. J. WHITFIELD, Southampton, publisher.  
J. E. VINCH, Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, boot manufac-  
turer.—A. A. KEMPE Slough, clerk in orders.—J. LAURENT,  
Great Newport-street, wine merchant.—M. K. FURNISS, Newmar-  
ket-street, London.—H. JESMAN, Pinner-road, Peckham.—T.  
WOODWARD, Salisbury, bookbinder.—G. CLONSON, 18, Broad-  
Brixton-road, messenger in the House of Commons.—J. BUTLER,  
Carlisle-street, Edgeware-road, builder.—T. HEATLEY, Green hill,  
Harrow-on-the-hill.—O. WINOUST, Oxford-road.—W. B.  
NEWMAN, Lewisham, builder.—J. E. R. BRADSHAFT, Henry-street,  
Basinghall street, City, wine merchants.—G. HOVLIN, 17,  
bitcher.—J. SHAW, Long Bucky, Northampton, farmer.—  
H. R. BENNETT Deham-yard, Strand, whitestith.—J. ATKIN,  
Great College-street, Camden-town, dairyman.—W. W. MOTLEY,  
Warwick-lane, Clerkenwell.—G. G. MASON, Queen's-road, Peckham,  
water-carrier.—J. WOLFE, Gas-street, Southwark, brewer.  
F. TUTT, Nine-el-square, Hackney-road, commission agent.  
F. TAYLOR, Gillingham-street, Piccadilly water-carrier.—F. R. ROGERS,  
Great College-street, Camden-town, photographic artist.—T. WATTS,  
Rifles, sail and ships' colour maker.—T. NORMAN, Stamford  
road, Stamford.—J. M. LINDSEY, 19, St. John's-street, Walling-  
ford, commercial clerk.—R. ROBINSON, Grantham, plumber.  
H. HANN, Weymouth, Dorset-hr., butcher.—J. and J. BOSSELL,  
Bradford, woollens.—E. & S. BLASE, Gardon, Laneshire,  
J. GOODIES and L. FUGG, Liverpool, seedsmen.—E. BROUET,  
sunderland, broker.—A. HOWLAND, Liverpool, general mercantile.  
JAMES DUNN, 15, Market-lane, Manchester, ironmonger.—J. C.  
Crawell, shopkeeper.—D. BOOTH, Manchester, ch.-hr., silk  
maker.—W. OLEIGH, Leigh, Lancashire, cotton power-loom weaver.  
J. CRIDFOS, Warrall, Staffordshire, builder.—E. STOKES,  
Aldridge, Staffordshire, hay and corn dealer.—W. WATKINS,  
Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ironmonger.—J. WILKINSON, W. LANNER,  
Andover, Isle of Wight, carpenter.—G. BROCKLEY, Hanley, Staff-  
ordshire, clock-maker.—H. CUPPER, Southampton, publican.  
J. MOOREHEAD, Melburn, Yorkshire, grocer.—T. T. CAVENTY,  
Huddersfield, bookseller.—T. S. FARNCOURT, Brighton.—H.  
STIMMONS, Oakfield, Essex.—J. THOMAS, 10, St. James, Lincolndrog,  
Lincoln.—J. W. HEDDERLEY, J. JENKINS, New York, N. Y., bridge-  
builder.—J. WILSON, Farley, com. agent.—J. W. BRIDG-  
Yorkshire, shopkeeper.—J. BROWN, Sheffield, slater.—C. WELLS,  
Frenchman, survey glass-saler.—J. A. FARWELL, Melbourne  
Victoria, Drusehire, baker.—P. HENNIN, Newcastle-upon-Tyne,  
perfumery.—J. W. HEDDERLEY, 10, St. James, Lincoln.  
James journeyman tailor.—E. A. STEVED, Lond Melford, Suffolk,  
boot and shoe maker.—G. and T. SECUMBE, Exeter, general  
merchants.—G. O HARVEY, Llanstadwell, Pembrokeshire.—W.  
BRACEGIRDLE, Bowdon, Cheshire, labourer.



THE Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, in the County of Middlesex, by  
THOMAS FOX, 9, Catherine-street, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY,  
JANUARY 30, 1864.